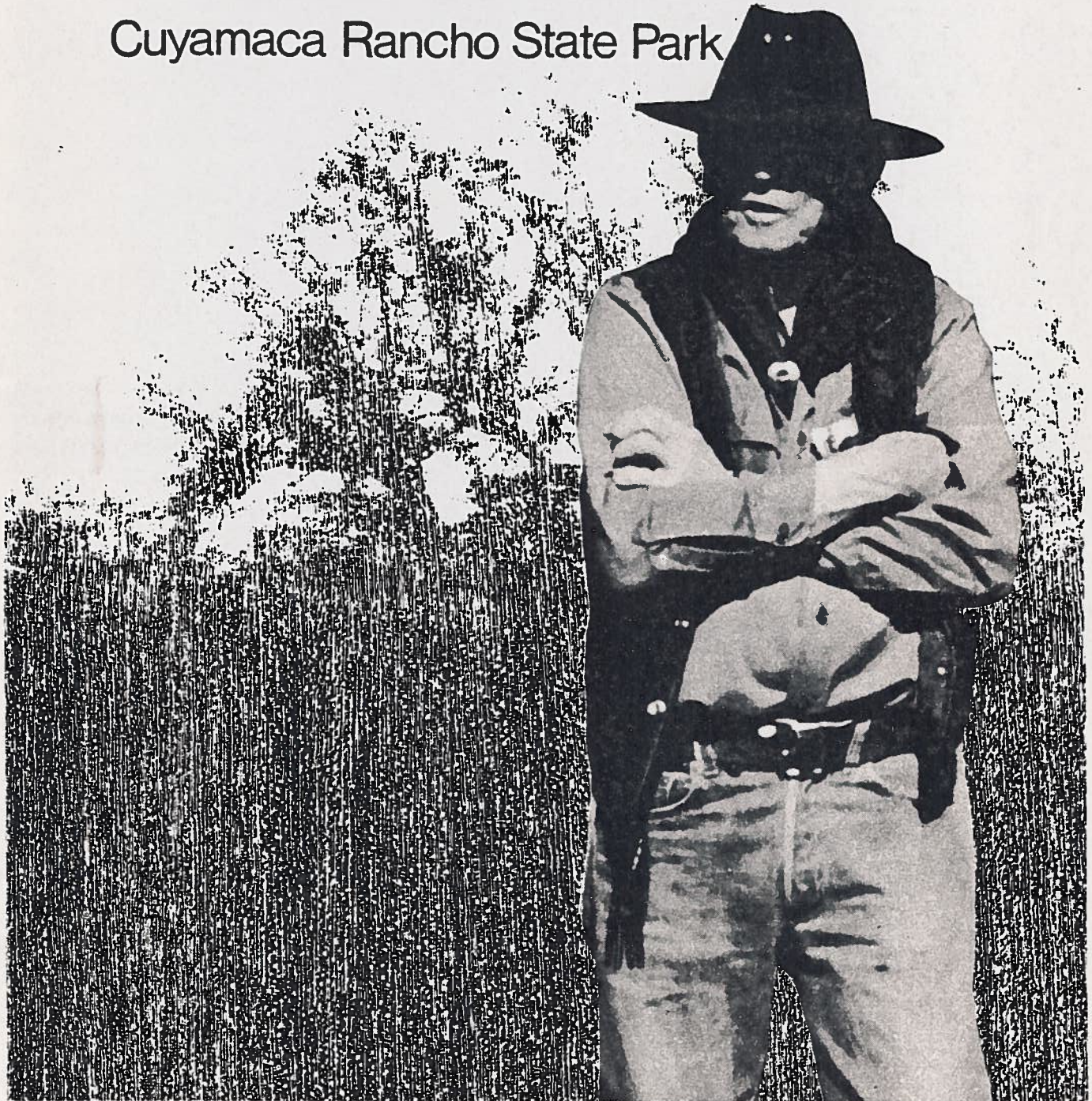


DAN Foster

THE GRANVILLE MARTIN INTERVIEW

Cuyamaca Rancho State Park



State of California—the Resources Agency
department of parks & recreation

August 1981



Participants:

Granville Martin Informant
Daniel G. Foster State Archeologist I
H. John McAleer State Historian II
Lucinda Woodward State Historian I
Stephen Treanor State Park Ranger III

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THE GRANVILLE MARTIN INTERVIEW:

His Knowledge of the Cultural Resources, the History, and
the Pre-History of Cuyamaca Rancho State Park

Department of Parks and Recreation
Cultural Heritage Planning Section

Edited by: Daniel Foster

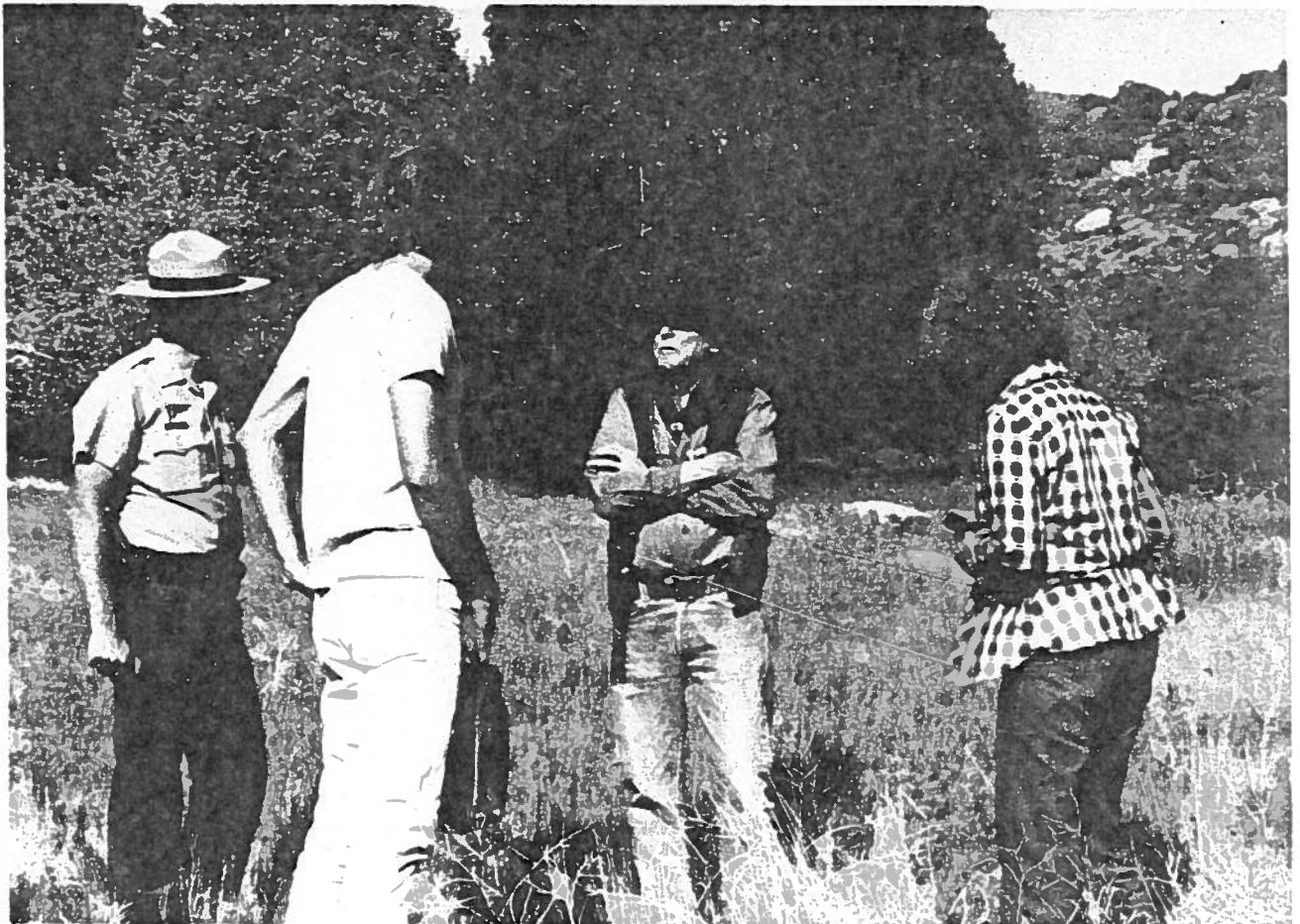
June 2, 1981

Participants:

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John McAleer	State Historian I
Lucinda Woodward	State Historian I
Stephen Treanor	State Park Ranger III



Upper(L-R): S.Treanor, G.Martin,
D.Foster, L.Woodward
Lower(L-R): S.Treanor, D.Foster,
G.Martin, L.Woodward



PREFACE

The following interview with informant Granville (Granny) Martin took place on Wednesday, May 18, 1981. The interview began at the Dyar House (Park Headquarters) and continued at the Stonewall Mine, Stonewall Mine Museum, former townsite of Cuyamaca City, cemetery site, Mulkins House site, the Merrigan Ranch property, and in the car while driving to and from these places. The interview was concluded at Mr. Martin's home at 6:00 p.m. Department of Parks and Recreation participants in this interview were: Daniel G. Foster, State Archeologist I; H. John McAleer, State Historian I; and Stephen Treanor, State Park Ranger III.

This interview is the outgrowth of Cultural Heritage Planning Section's Inventory of Cultural Resources for Cuyamaca Rancho State Park. Started in February of 1981 and continued to July, this Inventory sought to identify the park's prehistoric and historic resources. During this time, only a small fraction of the park's 30,000 acres were surveyed, and it is anticipated that work will continue into the new fiscal year. This interview will be part of the Inventory of Features for Cuyamaca Rancho State Park and kept in the Technical Appendix.

Granville Martin, or Granny as he likes to be called, was born in San Diego on December 30, 1895. His parents arrived in San Diego in 1889 and shortly thereafter moved to the Cuyamaca area. A week before Granny's birth, his mother returned to San Diego--later returning to Cuyamaca. Granny fondly describes how Will McCain, a stage driver, returned his mother and himself shortly after his birth to Cuyamaca. Granny jokingly admits how happy he was that "Old Will" saved him from a life in the city by returning him to Cuyamaca. Granny's father hauled logs for local lumber mills and took care of cattle, traditions that he passed on to Granny.

As a young boy, Granny took to the outdoors and listened closely to the oldtimers and their stories of the Cuyamaca region. By doing so, Granny transmits in the text a strong oral tradition of events of the Cuyamaca region prior to his birth.

For most of his life, Granny worked as a "vaquero" or cowboy on various ranches in the Cuyamaca region. He left only once during the Depression to go to Oregon to look for work. Not liking the area and not finding much work, Granny quickly returned to Cuyamaca. In 1922, Granny married Molly Birdsell (daughter of Mike Birdsell, an early Cuyamaca pioneer). Granny and Molly still live in the Cuyamaca area, a short distance from the park.

This transcript was edited by Daniel Foster on May 31, June 1, and June 2, 1981. Even though at times many of Granny's comments appear vague and not relevant to the immediate study area, they were included unedited, in anticipation that the information would be of value. Also, the spelling of some words was left unchanged to most accurately represent what was said by Granny (e.g., vaquero'in', a-comin', etc.). The editor's comments are in parentheses; these comments were not verbalized during the interview. Universal Transverse Mercator (UTM) coordinates are included in the editor's comments, when appropriate, and these refer to zone 11.

Although a bit rambling at times, a great deal of information and some very significant information, was recorded during this interview. As Cultural Heritage Planning Section continues their Inventory of Cuyamaca, it is planned to prepare a short bibliography of the many people mentioned by Granny with an index to the text.

It is also hoped that additional interviews can be scheduled with Granny, his wife Molly, and other individuals familiar with the Cuyamaca region. The Cultural Heritage Planning Section staff wishes to thank Granny for all of his wonderful memories and his eager participation in this project.

H. John McAleer
State Historian I

INTERVIEW/MARTIN

(Interview begins at Park Headquarters of Cuyamaca Rancho State Park while examining a photograph of the Stonewall Mine area.)

Foster: Was this just a residence next to the hotel? Were there a lot of these around the hotel?

Martin: Yeah, quite a lot.

Foster: Quite a few?

Martin: Yeah, but they were most in back of, on the bank there, but there were some here and then. That old school house was right on back there. I had a picture of that school house. I don't know what...

Foster: So the school house was right there at the mine.

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Right next to the hotel?

Martin: Yeah. just a little, little ways from the hotel, off west, kind of southwest from the hotel a little bit, I think. I don't...

Foster: It was a separate little building.

Martin: Oh, yeah. It was just a little thing, just, just about like that one only, only taller, and just a, just a one room deal, just a tall, skinny little old building there. It didn't have too much of a school, I don't...I never went to school there, but my wife did.

Woodward: Did she go to school there?

Martin: Yeah. Yeah, she's...she had, I think they, she had one sister born there and one down at the dam and one up on the, on the North Peak Mountain, over at the old sawmill there, and one over in the house by Julian.

McAleer: She was a Birdsell, right?

Martin: Yeah.

McAleer: Her dad was Mike?

Martin: Mike Birdsell, yeah.

McAleer: I think what we're going to do is talk. We have a couple questions, and I think, I'll let Danny kind of direct the questions and ask about them. Later, I thought we'd go up to the mine area up there, wander around there.

Martin: Sure, yeah.

Foster: Okay. Was Cuyamaca City a company town? Was everything owned by the ... (mine owners).

Martin: I don't know why they called it city, because it was just that mine, that's all.

Foster: What was the population (of the mine settlement), do you think?

Martin: Well, there they are, but I really don't know but, when I was a kid, we didn't, there wasn't nothing much there, you see, because that was even, anything I could remember was after I came back, after we'd left there. Strauss and Shinn was the biggest outfit that I know of that was around there, you know, when they worked with the...

Foster: They reworked the tailings?

Martin: Yeah. When they reworked the tailings.

Treanor: What year would that be?

Martin: Well, I think from about 98 'til probably 1901 or 2 or somewhere along in there.

Foster: And then after that, that's when the mine closed down pretty much for good, 1902?

Martin: Yeah. They, well, you see, all the way from 1900 to, 'til about 1904 or 19... , yeah, 1904, I guess, it was pretty dry, and they couldn't, didn't, couldn't do much. They planted that whole lake out there. I think Strauss and Shinn planted it when, and they couldn't, and it never even come up, never rained until March, and they, nothing came up and finally, just come up from wanting to grow, I guess, and just stood about that high (3 feet?), and they sold it, I think, to old Uncle Robert, old R. H. Benton and, for pasture, and then it rained and he just... I forgot how many, how many tons of hay he baled and pasture. He just, he just really fell into it good then. It did good, and so then he kept it a little while. I don't know how, I think that the (10 second pause) whachacallums over there at, doggone, when I want to think of something I have to work, and I don't uh, I don't like to work. The Vails people had it and then the drought got so hard they couldn't hardly hang on to it. Then I think old George McCain got this piece from Lockhart about 1907 'cause he, I know he was putting these fences up in 1908 when they were, somebody was talking about the border, putting up a five-wire fence between us and Mexico when he said, "Well, there's not the whole lot better than old George McCain". He said, "George McCain's putting up a eight-wire fence between him and the hogs!" (Granny roars with laughter.) He had hogs, a lot of hogs here, also, with the cattle.

Foster: Do you know where the post office was in the town?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Was it a separate building or was it part of the hotel?

Martin: It was a little building just about like that thing setting off to the side, off to this side of the hotel up toward the mine.

Foster: Most everything about the town just centered around the hotel, then?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Within a hundred yards of the hotel or so, a couple hundred yards?

Martin: Well, from there, clear up and around to the, up around the mine; yeah; and not too much, not too much on out toward the lake here.

Foster: Yeah. Was there a barber or doctor or a regular business community there?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: They had the whole deal?

Martin: They had a barber shop there and a barber.

Foster: Was he in the hotel inside the building?

Martin: No, I think he had a little, he had a little shack like that. See, they had, they had the sawmill, they had lumber, all they wanted, and when they'd need anything, they just built something, whatever they wanted. And just like those kind of little buildings, you know.

Foster: Do you know where the lagoon was before the dam? Was it towards the dam? Was it right, right there (we point to the area just east of the dam).

Martin: No, no. Up from the dike on up. Laguna Que se Seco(a) was from the gap that we...oh no, you're gettin' that map again. (Granny dislikes using maps; he can't recognize geographic features on them.)

Foster: Well, we were thinking it's somewhere in here? Is this where it was? Right in front of the peninsula, right north of it?

Martin: Well, no. It...

Foster: Was it out this way?

Martin: Yeah. It was north. I wasn't thinking, but, you know (Granny looks at the map with a bewildered gaze), I just, we going to have to look at that on that land.

Foster: Yeah. You can't read this map too well.

Martin: I can't see tracks on this stuff. Most of this stuff kind of reminds me of what my brother used to say about our modern women. He said, he used to say, "Well, I don't know. These little puffs of powder and little dabs of paint always makes a woman look like just what she ain't." And I always think of that. Most of this stuff is about that same way to me. (Granny laughs.)

Foster: You know all those coyote holes that are out there around the mine? Do you know when those were done, or who was doing them, or...

Martin: No, I don't know. I don't know too much about it, but I know they, they were always hoping that they'd find something as good as the old main deal there (main shaft at Stonewall Mine).

Foster: They're just sticking a stick of dynamite in there and blasting a hole?

Martin: Oh, no.

McAleer: Do you know the process, what they did up in the hole there?

Martin: Just, mostly just pick and shovel and...

Foster: So they weren't blasted out. They were dug...

Martin: Yeah, there lots of it was shot. Yeah, lots of it was blasted. Old Charlie Ellis who worked a lot in the mine and then he did quite a bit of drill sharpening, too, for them, but they, he said that, he said there's lots of pillers in them, in the big places where they stoked out lots of it. He said there's big pillers in there that, that's just rich as the dickens, and if they'd wanted to, they could go in, into those mines and now, with this different stuff, different types of pump and everything they got now, they could clean that thing in a hurry. He said they could put concrete pillers in there and knock those old, that stuff, those braces that they left in there and it'd sure pay now.

Foster: Did you ever see the lumber mill that's at Azalea Springs, supposedly Allison's Lumber Mill?

Martin: Well, I don't know...

Foster: Where Azalea Springs is?

Martin: I don't know what you call Azalea Springs.

Foster: Well, maybe if I show you on this map. I don't know, we go back to this map deal again, here. (Granny is laughing.) But, you know, from the mine and the old...here's Milk Ranch, you know,

and there was a road going out to the mine, if you go on up that road, just this way, just south of it. In fact, there was probably a road going to it. There's a reservoir there, and supposedly Allison had a sawmill there. Did you ever see that?

Martin: No, I didn't. I never saw it, much about it. I know they told me, they said that old Allison's mill was over, just over the first ridge in that little, I think just a little ways from where you're, where the buildings are, Park Headquarters is up there, or whatever. (He means a short distance west of Paso Picacho Campground, the former Park Headquarters.)

Foster: Okay.

Martin: We always called, the old road went up this way and come out cross, the road crosses the old road there and that was Blue Hill when we was kids. They called that Blue Hill. It's a blue clay in there and they, everybody always got stuck there (where the old road intersects with Highway 79 just north of Paso Picacho).

Foster: Oh, is that right?

Martin: Yeah. If a big team went up there with a big load of stuff, why, they'd sure as the world, they'd, he'd get stuck and have to wait until the next team come along. Sometimes they'd have 12, 14, 16 head of horses on them things try to pull that wagon out or pull it in two!

Foster: We wanted to talk about the logging. You know a lot about that, I bet. Were they splitting lumber on the, on the peaks? Were they hauling whole logs out? Whole logs out. They weren't doing any splitting...

Martin: Oh, yeah. Big logs.

Foster: They weren't milling it up there. They're hauling logs to the mine and milling it at the mine.

Martin: Oh, no. They just, they cut it and brought it in with those oxen, lots of them on log carts, you know.

Foster: Was most of, was most of it for fuel wood or timber?

Martin: No, no. The logs was all, no, they cut, they cut oak, mostly the black oak and stuff like that for wood, but they cut the trees, the sugar pine and cedar and stuff that they cut to use was all big logs, good logs, big logs.

Foster: Yeah. Sugar pine and cedar were the favorite for timber, for milled lumber.

Martin: Yeah. Well, I don't know. I said yeah, but I don't know. You see, the fir, good big fir, if they got it good, is a stouter, that is, it stand more abuse, more, it wouldn't break like cedar or sugar pine either.

Foster: Do you know if there are any features up there on the mountains, any skid roads?

Martin: Oh, that thing was all, all, they called them log roads, they were all over that, log and wood roads all over that mountain.

Foster: They weren't log lined or wood lined, they're just skids, skidded out.

Martin: No, just, yeah, they just cut, cut 'em out. You see, my father-in-law in, in, when the old gas, decided they was, I don't know, he, I forgot what, he hauled several hundred cords of wood off of that mountain. He'd only get probably a half or three-quarters of a cord out of each, each cord that was piled up. You see, everybody cut wood up there. Coleman family, that's that half nigger and Indian outfit, they cut the wood. This, this canyon where the road goes up there and where it heads toward the peak, lot of them called that Coleman Creek, because Colemans had a wood camp at the upper end.

Foster: On North Peak?

Martin: No, yeah, oh, yeah. On...no, not North Peak, on South Peak, right where you make the big horseshoe turn above the old Cold Spring here. Why, that, they called that Coleman Creek. (The horseshoe turn is the intersection of Highway 79 and Cold Stream 2 miles north of Park Headquarters; he is saying that Coleman's wood camp was located up west that draw towards Cuyamaca Peak from the bend in the road.)

Foster: We were talking earlier about Harper. You say he had a house down at the south end of the park?

Martin: Yeah. They had, him and, him and, him and...

Foster: And Lassator?

Martin: (No), I mean him and...Doc Harper and Allison, Joe Allison, they had the house and some kind of a little ranch of a deal right there where the road went over to, to Jamatagun and cause it, it took, they came in that way quite a while before they got the road up through the canyon to come...

Foster: Oh, that was the old way into the valley?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: It was.

Martin: It was easier. Well, you see, they had, had the road up and over to Mitaragui before they needed to go to Santa Ysabel, and so they, and so, when they went, they'd go up there and then come back in here to Jamatagun and on across this way was easier, easier pulling than to try to make this canyon we were talking about.

Foster: I see. Yeah. But he also had a ranch in Rattlesnake Valley.

Martin: Well, that's where he had his, that, see, old Doc Harper, when ol, when ol Olvera began to get feeble and one thing happened to him after another, why, ol Doc Harper took care of him and Harper, and he, he give Harper that, I don't know, 40 something hundred acres over there, to, to, for his doctor bill. That's how Harper got...

Foster: He got that land there.

Martin: ...got that valley. And you see, back, way back in that, sometime in after the Civil War when those hellums come into this country, they came into that valley over there (Rattlesnake Valley) with their pack outfits and one thing or other, and they were going to camp there. And, so, they, there's every place they tried to stop, why, the rattlesnakes was so doggone thick they knew they was going to get some of their animals bit, so they come on the way the Injun trail comes up that draw and comes on over, and they come over to, to, to where they could look into the lake bottom there, and it, course, it was the prettiest big cienega, that old lake was, all around that was a big lake bottom and they said there was a whole lot of, quite a bunch of grizzly bear out there. That was late in the evening when they, by the time they got there, and they, 'cause they intended to camp over there in the evening, you know, for the night with their pack outfit, so, when they're afraid of the snakes, so they came on over and when they got over there, them old grizzly bear was a-wrassling around, playing out there in that cienega, and he said, "Hell," he said, "I think we'd better go back. I know doggone well that the rattlesnake can't eat as many of these horses as these bears can!" So they went back and camped in Rattlesnake.

McAleer: Is that where the name came from?

Foster: Rattlesnake Valley?

Martin: Yeah that's what, they called it Rattlesnake on account of it. Yeah.

Foster: And you were telling me that Lucky 5 Ranch, that name comes from the fellow that Harper sold it to?

Martin: Yeah, see, Harper's, they bought that, he bought it on the old...what was his name? Luckman? I forgot his first name.

Foster: Something Luckman?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: And the five was from him, his wife, and his three kids?

Martin: Yeah. He called it lucky. They wanted to name it something. They didn't want it to be, he's kind of like the Park and the Forest Service and all. They want to call all these places...they think they found it before Christopher Columbus, I guess. Seem to want to, or else get it married off. I don't know how they got its name changed, anyway. Maybe they got it married. But anyway, Luckman bought it and he wanted it named something and somebody and his, I think his wife, she was quite a get-up, and so she said, they named it Lucky 5 because of old Luckman and her and then the three kids, so that's how it got the five.

Foster: I see. Well Granny, I found two of these stone, little stone reservoirs just below Rattlesnake Valley (sites CA-SDi-7342, and 7343). Let me see if I can find them here. Well, actually, it's right down here, quite a ways down there, and I was wondering, do you think they're from Harper's Ranch? Do you know who would be...they're little livestock reservoirs on this drainage. Yeah. Little rock dams and, about ten feet in diameter, and they seemed to be really remote, and it seemed to me that this would be the only ranch that would be out there.

Martin: I think that Harpers did, but Harpers, Harpers weren't cattlemen by a long time, a long ways. You see, old Doc Harper had that, but he wasn't part of this. See, it was Dick and Amby Harper, was the names of the Harpers that took that, and they weren't cattlemen. I don't know what they were, but they were pretty, pretty good kind of a get-up in some ways. They overworked themselves about trying to be cattlemen, but one thing that was good about them in the, every fall, I know when old Amby was pretty old, I used to see him up there in the wintertime, pretty deep snow. They was out in every, all those down timber and stuff, he'd drag it into a pile over there and burn it, get rid of all that trash. They kept, they kept their country pretty open all the time, all they could, and tried to, and they were always fixing something so the cattle, any little old spring or something, most of the people around the country would, at a, one of them little old muddy springs, they'd dig it out and throw a log down there and throw some mud up agin it and hope that it was good enough, you know. And the cattle'd fight around there a little bit and they wouldn't have no water. But that's why they tried to make theirs not, I don't know. But I would think that that's why they, those were rocked up. They'd do it. They wanted to do everything permanent.

Foster: I see. Okay. Do you know...there was, there supposedly was an old adobe at the south end of the park in, in the Merrigan Ranch? Do you know anything about that, did you hear about it or have you ever seen it? Was it standing in your...you ever saw it? Just in Descanso Valley there.

Martin: Yeah. I know right where that old...that was the first, what was his name?

Foster: I can't remember his name.

Martin: The fellow that built it was a white man, but that, that wasn't, that wasn't built until, I have an idea, around '52 or '53, somewhere along in there.

Foster: Uh-huh. But you know where that was.

Martin: Yeah. (It turns out later that we might be talking about two different adobes; the one Granny is talking about was located south of the Descanso school, near Descanso proper.)

Foster: Maybe we can go out there today and you could show us the spot on the way back down or something.

Martin: Yeah, oh yeah, sure.

Foster: Okay, great.

Martin: Course, that knothed built a barn or something right on top of it or done something to it.

Foster: Oh, it's right where those barns are now. (We are talking about two different barns in actuality.)

Martin: Yeah. Right on

Foster: Okay, alright.

Martin: Yeah, see, that used to be, that, that, when we was kids, we'd, old Monroe Johns...(Johnson?), that was all pastureland. We used to go out there and catch his horses and old Monroe, the old timers, everytime we passed any of those things, why, they'd tell us, most of them didn't pay any attention, but I was always interested. I liked it, and I say I didn't have too darn good a luck in school or anything, but I used to listen to 'em pretty good, those old boys, cause I liked it, and I liked that.

Foster: But did you ever see those adobes? You just knew where they were.

Martin: I just, I saw, they was almost the wall, almost started to be walls, but it's just mounds of dirt. There was just a sink there and where they are. Yeah, oh yeah.

Foster: Was there any trash. Any bottles or cans around.

Martin: Oh, heck no. I wasn't interested in that, I wanted to catch a calf or something. (Granny roars with laughter.) No, I don't, I couldn't, that'd be pretty...

McAleer: What did Doctor Merrigan do with that property when he came to the area?

Martin: Merrigan? I don't know. He's just like, he's like old Dyar and a lot of the rest of them, they ought to run 'em out before they landed here. Kind of like when them Russians come here and wanted it, you know. Boy, they, ... (pause) ... that real estate man, he was, he tried his best to sell it to the Russians, you know. And boy, there was about six, seven inches of snow down here and we was living right there on that point, my wife and I, and working for old Bert, and so Bert says, "Granny, get some horses for...", I forgot what they called that guy. I never forgot what I think of him, but I can't name him. They, he was quite a, quite a sporty looking old guy. He had a great big long kind of a coat and it was red inside, and he had that funny looking outfit on for a hat, and boy, that old Bert wanted me to get him some horses, and so I thought, you old sonofagun. Bert said get him such and such a horse, and I said, "Oh no. I used him too hard yesterday. I got an, I'll go get old Big Head. He's down there. I'll get him for him." I knew, he was a horse we'd brought out of Mexico, and if he didn't know just what he was doing, I knew what, I knew what he'd be doing, so we got that old horse. I brought him up and saddled him up and I let him out there where the old blacksmith shop was, and it was, ... was sure cold, and that wind was a-blowin', and so, old Bert wanted to help that Russian, Bert and the real estate guy, they wanted to help that old Russian, and he said something about riding horses and, at home or something. He knew everything, and I knew he did, too. So, he got ahold of that stirrup and got up and just got about right, and he was as clumsy as a cub bear trying to get on that old horse. Finally, when he swung that big old red coat over old Big Head he just socked his head down and made about two jumps and that guy just looked like a little birdie, just flew out there and lit right flat on his back with that nice red coat all around. He wasn't in the snow, he was just laying in that big red blanket. And, it tickled me but I didn't dare laugh. Had to catch the old horse over by the barn again. (Granny laughs.) I thought that's pretty good...and they're, this, he didn't like the grant much after that, and he didn't buy it. I didn't want no Russians around here. I guess old Big Head didn't either.

Foster: You know when we were talking about Malcolm Rogers and how you spoke to him. Do you remember when that was?

Martin: No.

Foster: Quite a ways, quite a long time ago?

Martin: It was quite a while ago, yeah.

Foster: He, evidently, you'd told him about an Indian site on the Sweetwater River where there's rock art, called petroglyphs, and you said it was at the lower falls. Is that right?

Martin: Yeah, I think there's some, was some stuff down there, at the...what do you call the...

Foster: The lower falls. Well there's Green Valley Falls, the first one below the campground, then about a half mile downstream there's sort of a second falls. Is that about where it was?

Martin: I think so.

Foster: Right there.

Martin: But you see, 1916, 1926 and '37, they just, they ruined that country, you know.

Foster: So they may be gone.

Martin: Oh, I'm, I don't know that they are, but they could be. I don't know.

Foster: Do you know where there're any other spots where there's rock art like that?

Martin: Well, right, there's not, up here, there's not a great deal of that kind of stuff. Down on that, on over the desert there's quite a bit of it.

Foster: Right.

Martin: But, but there is some, but it's, its more faded and hard to keep here than....

Foster: Yeah. But you've seen other places in the park that's had it? Can you think of any?

Martin: Well. I don't know. I haven't thought too much to, I don't remember. No, I don't remember too much. I used to, I used to, when I was vaqueroing around here, everytime I passed them Injun grounds I'd watch for arrowheads and different stuff, but I never.... Most people, they get all excited and want to go in there and dig the Injuns up and everything. I know I was glad they planted them. Let them alone. Yeah. They...

Foster: Where were these Indian grounds that you were talking about, where people were digging 'em up.

Martin: Oh, every..., just...

Foster: The one near the mine?

Martin: Huh?

Foster: The one near the mine especially? (sites CA-SDi-853, 859, and 912)

Martin: Well, no. I, that, that, that's quite a big rancheria, that's pretty good. I don't know what, I don't think I, I don't remember too much digging there, but all over East Mesa they done lots of, lots of digging up there.

Foster: At the rancherias up there?

Martin: Yeah. (Probably sites CA-SDi-860, 863, 862, 850, and 1018.)

Foster: What about the Arrowmaker's Ridge? Were they digging that up? (site CA-SDi-913)

Martin: Where, where's that? I don't know where it is!

Foster: You don't know where that is?

Martin: What's everybody call the Arrowmaker's Ridge?

Foster: Well, it's a ridge on the west side of the highway here, and there's a big village up on the top of it.

Martin: Oh, up here, on the west...

Foster: Yeah, right across from us. Right over there.

Martin: Yeah, yeah, oh yeah.

Foster: You've seen that place?

Martin: Oh yeah.

Foster: They used to dig that a long time ago?

Martin: Oh yeah. Lots. Yeah, quite a lot. And then that place up on the, on the mesa up there, too, they, they done a lot of wrasslin' around that.

Foster: Which one was that, Granny?

Martin: Well, when you go up on that bench up there where you look right down here into Green Valley. You can drive purty near to it up there, you know, where the coyotes sing right up there all the time. Did you ever watch them?

Foster: No.

Martin: Ever time an airplane, when I was living there, everytime an airplane'd go by, why, them coyotes would holler up there.

Foster: Oh, is that right? You were telling me before about the airplane monument. You'd been there about a year or so after the crash, you were up there?

Martin: Seems to me like it was longer than that, after that that they, it was quite a long time. It was long...you see, they offered a quite a reward for that...

Foster: To find the crash site?

Martin: Yeah, to find that crash, and nobody ever found it. They looked and looked and looked and nobody found it. And then, quite a long time afterwards, when, I think it was George McCain, George had it, I believe then, and he had, yeah, I'm quite sure it was him, and then he, he had that, that fellow, he was a Colorado-born fella, and he was a, he was quite a get-up. He had, I don't know, George had about 1500 head of cattle, and that sonofagun had every one of 'em named. He knew every one of them by name and...

Foster: Is that right?

Martin: Oh, he was the darndest man I ever saw. I don't know whether he could count or not, but he could sure tell you whether Malcolm or Susan or whoever she was was gone. He knew. He sure knew them. But he was a darn poor man to handle anything. He'd ride with his bridle reins and make it crawl like these caterpillars awalking, you know, so, all the time, but he sure knew that stuff. But I didn't think too much of him, but he's pretty, he I guess he took care of the cattle to suit him pretty good.

Foster: But you'd seen the, you said that they were silver dollars in one of the guy's pockets and they were all melted together?

Martin: I don't remember who, but old Bill Flynn and my brother and, went up there and took pictures of that thing right after, right, right quick after the, after they found it, but what I started to say was when he found that thing, it was so long afterwards, that maybe you'd know something about that. It was so long afterwards that they'd called off the reward...

Foster: Oh, is that right? He got gypped.

Martin: ...so he, oh, boy, he come down off of that mountain, he thought he was the richest cowboy in the whole state. Oh, he was happy, and everybody was tickled to death, and they called it in, and then when they got the report back, they'd called it off. Why, you could've bought him for a quarter.

McAleer: I've got a question, Granny, about the mill, lumber mill, up by the Stonewall Mine. Was that, that was connected with the Stonewall operation? Was it separate, or...

Martin: Well, there was one that, one that was right there at the mines. It was, that was, I think that was...

McAleer: Owned by the mine?

Martin: Oh, yes. But I don't know how it, what, too much about it, but it, I know some of the, I used to see some of the old saws and stuff laying around there. Big old saws. They had, I'm sure it was a big steam operated saw with top and bottom saws that, quite a saw.... You see, they, they take, cut them big old trees, and

you cut a big old bolt off of 'em and cut, cut the cent..., drill the center out, and put the axle in, shrink two or three old wagon tires on that and make wheels, and make a kind of a yoke of a deal there on top of it and that, that yoke would come out over the wheel like that, then they'd load, they'd load three logs across that and two on top of that and then one on top of that. All big logs, big, big trees. As big as that (Granny points to 36" diameter pine) and bigger, and haul them into the mill.

Foster: Was it two separate operations, the logging for fuel wood and the logging for timber?

Martin: I'm sure it was. The wood, the wood fellows, they was, they had a lot of different outfits cutting wood, because that old, those old big old boilers, they, they was shoveling that in, it was just a big chute there that they used to throw that into, that wood into and slide down there, poking them big old boilers.

Foster: They didn't have to split it then? They were using whole cut rounds? Just bucked rounds?

Martin: Lot of it was, lot of it was split, all right, of the bigger, bigger oaks and stuff. It was split so that a man could pick it up and throw it into that, into there. But it was all four foot wood, you know, all cord wood.

Foster: There was more than one mill in that area then, from what I understand.

Martin: My mother-in-law used to go up and set...they would camp down by the dam and they'd, she'd to up there and sit, sit there and wait for old Mike and the outfits to come in and she'd, sometimes she'd take lunch up there and catch 'em and sometimes she'd wait for them up there, and she's sitting on them...I probably ought to keep my mouth shut, but she was sitting on them, those piles of wood, waiting for 'em and she was scared to death of lizards. Finally, a lizard come along, got onto her somewhere, and she'd a lit out down that road fast she could run, and she could run, too. And she was just shedding that linen like nobody's business. And when she'd got to, back down to camp, she didn't have enough clothes on to hide any lizard, I'll tell you that! She got rid of the lizard! She was deathly scared of them darn lizards.

Woodward: Was most of the logging, then, to provide firewood for the mine or was it...

Martin: No, not firewood, for the...

Woodward: I mean, for the boiler?

Martin: ...for the lumber. No, they cut just cordwood for the boilers. Yeah, that was all boiler wood.

Woodward: Then they were also logging wood to mill?

Martin: Logs was, to make, oh yeah, they'd log to make that lumber they needed.

Woodward: Was the lumber mostly just for the mine, or did they sell it?

Martin: Well, they'd, I guess they'd, they'd help these people that was interested around, but I don't, you see, later, they put a sawmill over there at what they called the Treat Place, acrossed over where the pear tree is on the north end. (Just north of the intersection of Highway 79 with the entrance road to Camp Hual Cu-Cuish.) They, that, that, there was a sawmill right up there, and I don't know who run that or anything.

Foster: That's on the top of North Peak?

Martin: No, oh no.

Foster: Not that far?

Martin: No, its, you don't know where this pear tree is, the Treats Place?

Foster: No. You can't see this, huh. (Trying the map again.)

Foster: Is that on Middle Peak?

Martin: Huh?

Foster: Is that on Middle Peak?

Martin: No, it's on North Peak. It's not on North Peak but it's at the, you know what they call the Iguay reservation rancheria?

Foster: Iguay. Yeah. Out in here somewhere?

Martin: Uh-huh.

Foster: About a mile north of the reservoir.

Martin: Yeah. Well it's right there. Iguay is the, is where the sawmill was. There's some rocky ridges comes, comes out there toward the road and the...

Foster: Is it where all these houses are now? (Harrison Park)

Martin: No, no, it's out over at the, clear at the, on the, on sawdays country though over there where there's no houses. But, it, there's some rocky ridges there, and then there was a spring across over there where the, where the Tipai's had their jacals (sha-calls) and stuff. And, but the sawmill was right in there, where they could.... There was some pretty good timber right up those ridges there, and they, they'd pull that timber right straight down to the mill and it was pretty easy, easy going then.

Foster: You said that you'd...

Martin: But that was later. That was, that was, I think during the same, along the time, I don't know who run that, who owned that mill or who run it or anything. I know pretty well where it was. We, that is, they used to, there's where the old sawmill used to be, but I don't know, I don't remember the name of who owned it or what, but, but, but old, old Jim Stratton had that, had that place over there, and he had two, two adobe, he had an adobe house and a, and a, and a barn and his, and an orchard and stuff was in here, and then there was a little bit of a, little bit of a high peak shack up there that we'll, that everybody camped in. We used to camp there, and we all ways called that Uncle Pete's cabin, but, but, but old Pete Joyce was another miner or prospector and he had a, he had a claim and a camp and stuff on over the ridge east of there, but he used to camp here an awful lot at that cabin, and he had his, had his old mule, and there was a big fireplace in there, great big old fireplace. About six feet across the mouth of it, and he had two doors there, and when we camped there, the roof had blown off and it wasn't, wasn't too good. We used to go in and set up a tent there, so it'd open, so we could see the fireplace, but old Uncle Pete, he'd come in there and he'd just drive a log dog into, big old log out there, half as big as that tree, and almost that big, and then he'd hook his old mule to that and he'd open that door and drag it in there and stop him and unhook it and the mule'd go on out the other door there and he'd take them old cat hooks and roll that log into the fireplace and build him a fire there. And I know we come probably a week after, after he'd gone back to his claim there, and my father-in-law would come and we'd go there in the snow and there's a lot of, he had a lot of wild hogs on that mountain. He used to butcher them hogs and they'd come and we'd go and hunt hogs up there. But we'd camp in that, camp in there and he'd just go in there and haul them ashes out of there and the fire was there and just throw some wood on it and have fire, pretty good.

Foster: You know, you said at the village of Iguay that you'd seen some of their structures? (I do not know if the ethnographic village of Iguay -- identified on the Diseno -- has been recorded or located yet. It is close to, but out of the park.)

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: They were still standing that you remember?

Martin: No, no, no...

Foster: No, just some of their depressions?

Martin: Yeah, there was just depression and piece, and rock rings and...

Foster: Rock rings.

Martin: Yeah. I never, I never saw any of the, any of the brush and stuff they had on the jacal itself. I never saw any of that.

Foster: What do you suppose happened to them?

Martin: Oh, they just wore, they just, they was just brush, you know. They weren't big enough to stand anything.

Foster: They didn't last.

Martin: They just rotted away.

Foster: Did you see any of those (house depressions) on sites in the park here?

Martin: No. Not ...

Foster: Rancherias, no depressions or rings or anything.

Martin: Just that's all I ever saw, just the depressions and where you could tell where they had, old vaqueros used to say, there's, there's a Injun's love nest or something, they'd say, or something, and just that's all, that's all I know about.

Foster: But you saw a lot of those, even just the rings and depressions in the sites in the park?

Martin: Oh yeah.

Foster: They were common?

Martin: You could see them at any, purty near any of these rancherias.

Foster: Cause you know you can't see them anymore.

Martin: Oh, no, they're, they're gone.

Foster: They're gone. Well, have you got anymore questions, Cindy? That about covers it for me. How about you, Steve? Well, thanks alot, Granny. Appreciate it.

Martin: Yeah. Muy bueno.

Foster: Muy bueno. Shall we go out to Cuyamaca City?

Foster: I think we'll have a lot more questions when we get out there. (Granny, Foster, and Woodward drive to Stonewall Mine and continue the interview along the way.)

Martin: So Harvey, old Harvey Moore gets this pistol he had. And there was an old Mexican who lives over in Campo named Ortega, and he was part of the early Ortegas. I used to get a kick out of you and the wonderful old vaqueros, and everytime anybody'd start to show you a gun or anything, he would start out and just talk back

and around and around and he kept trying to get behind that guy, and all the time he'd say, "Don't play from the pistol, boy, don't play from the pistol." I thought of him pretty strong. We was standing right here and that guy was showing us this, this Dutch pistol, a German luger, a 9-mm luger, and he said, "Oh, these are the safest and best guns", and I was just like old, I thought of what old Manuel said, and I just begin to get behind him, too, and just as I got just behind him, by golly, he let that thing go off, and shoot right right down, hit right by the, right by the old Harvey's toes, behind...I don't know where it went off, up the country here, somewhere. Those guys, they don't, you think they, think they'd know what they meant, but they don't seem to ever learn.

Foster: Do you know what was on this hill at park headquarters before Dyar built his house?

Martin: Yeah. Just rocks and snakes and brush, just like...

Foster: There was no, no house. Nobody lived here.

Martin: No. He made the first blemish here.

Woodward: Do you know where Mulkins house was supposed to have been?

Martin: I dug up the doggone rock foundation for old Bert to make a flower garden, myself.

Foster: Whose flower garden?

Martin: Huh?

Foster: Whose flower garden?

Martin: Bert Moore. He was crazy after flowers of stuff. That boy that's down there was with me...I call him a boy. He's old enough to want a pension now, but.... You know, I got to tell you. You see this bridge, why they were tickled to death...

Foster: This bridge on Cold Stream?

Martin: He come and told me to, he said, "Boy, don't you, how do you, what do you think of that bridge?", and I said, "Well, the only thing I think about it is that the darn fool built it upside down!" And he said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Just what I said. He built it upside-down. If he'd of put that down in the creek and raised that up so that it'd help save the country above it, why, he've done something. But he just built it so that it could help drain it."

Foster: Where, where did, where was that foundation that you dug up that was Mulkins house?

Martin: Down there at the.... I don't know what they call it down, but that, they just, the Parks people, they just more than destroyed this, all the.... You see those two old barns that old Lockhart built, two barns and then he fixed up and built a nice house, a good old house there, at, where Mulkins used to live, but he didn't build it right square on Mulkins site, but a part of Mulkins foundation run under it.

Foster: It was right out here in Green Valley, just a couple hundred yards down?

Martin: Yeah. (UTM 3642740 meters N, 541180 meters E.)

Foster: Maybe we can walk out real quick and go see that.

Martin: You can't drive down to it, huh? (An early photograph which we later located indicates that a road used to go out to the area.)

Foster: No, I don't think we can.

Martin: You know where those cedars are and stuff?

Foster: No. Maybe if we can see it close enough...

Martin: Oh, we can go, we can go down there.

Foster: Is it right over here, Granny? Is it right down there?

Martin: Huh? Yeah, right there where them little trees and apples and stuff are.

Foster: Let's go over. I think that's real important. Why don't we find that.

Martin: I know it. I know it. That's where Lassator, Lassator built, then he give it to his, when he wanted to do the improvement down at the Vallecitos station for the Butterfield people, why he went down there and left John Mulkins here.

Foster: Okay. Yeah. They took off. (We tried to flag down the other car.) They took off. Well, I thought maybe we'd just pop down and you could show us where it was and then we can go back and meet 'em.

Martin: Or we can stop and see it when you come out, on the way back or something. It might not disappoint them as much.

Foster: Okay. You want to do that? All right. Here's that buzz again (car warning buzzer - seat belts, I think).

Martin: I don't care if you buzz it as long as you don't have too much venom and rattles.

Foster: You ever been bit by a rattlesnake, Granny?

Martin: No, sir. No, I though I was bit a few times, but I never got bit.

Foster: You say you've seen grizzly bears in Rattlesnake Valley?

Martin: Huh? No, that's what them old...no grizzly over there that I.... Oh, they've been everywhere, they were everywhere.

Foster: Yeah. I was just wondering if you've ever seen them.

Martin: No, I never. They were, bears were, I tracked a bear all around over the West Mesa up there and that high country in the snow a number of times. I never did get to see 'em, but, but I used to do it just for meanness. I'd tell them fellows about a, they used to think I was lying to them or something, but, but he was a bear that got away from Camp Kearny's, at the soldiers down there, and ended up up here and he did pretty good for quite a while, 'til he got to going down into bee country and destroying 'em, then they killed him. You see, the old road runs right along there. You've seen it, haven't you?

Foster: No, I really...

Martin: You see it right there?

Foster: Right there? I sure do. Yeah (UTM 3643940 meters N, 540950 meters E).

Martin: That's, that's the road where they hauled the...that's the road...

Foster: That was the main road, the wagon road from Descanso to the mine?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: To Julian.

Martin: From San Diego to the, to, to Santa Ysabel. It come along here right here at the edge. You see, this is the, this is the old, old Mulkins, and Lassator...that's what they called their barley fields. He said he bought it from the Indians over there.

Foster: He bought that from the Indians, did he? (the meadow adjacent to Cold Stream at Mitaragui)

Martin: He bought that from an old Indian that said he'd inherited it from his father.

Foster: I see. Wonder how much he paid for it.

Martin: I don't know it. He didn't, I don't, never did hear anybody say. But you see, old George McCain's fence was here on this tree. You see signs of it there yet, and it come along up here

and then at this big pine tree, right there, where the fence used to go from there, and I'll bet a dollar you can go right up in there fifty yards and find some of that old wire, and man, it was some wire. Hard, heavy old wire (UTM 3644650 meters N, 540580 meters E).

Foster: And who was that again?

Martin: Huh?

Foster: Whose fence was that?

Martin: Old George McCain after he bought it from...

Foster: George McCain.

Martin: ...he bought it from Lockhart, and those fellows. You see, all this grant got split up for doctor bills and, ... that's a good, that's what they call Cold Spring, you know.

Foster: Uh-huh.

Martin: That's a good, good cold water here. And this, they always called this Twin Pine Campground, and that pine, and there was, used to be another one right there just like it, and they called it Twin Pines. And this was all cleared off. I camped in there in, in 1916 when I was working for the county, and we rebuilt this road up here, and, 'cause it was all washed away. Our mule corrals and stuff was right there.

Foster: Huh!

Martin: And the road used to go right off up that canyon and come across...

Foster: So it stayed to the west side of us, up this way.

Martin: Yeah. Uh-huh. Well, it, it crossed, we crossed...

Foster: It crosses over here somewhere?

Martin: Yeah. Uh-huh. Winded on more up the canyon there, and they ended up at Blue Hill.

Foster: When do you suppose that road was abandoned?

Martin: Well, let's see. The built, they built this road (Highway 79), I think it was somewhere around 1912 or something like that.

Foster: They built this one.

Martin: See that old cedar stump that's there, that's one of them that the, that's got that cut in it where they put that, could put that board in to stand on to.

Foster: Springboard.

Martin: Yeah. There's where the road crossed. Right there's the road (old road crosses Highway 79 at UTM 3645800 meters N, 539680 meters E).

Foster: Okay. Then it goes over on this side.

Martin: ...It goes right up that canyon.

Foster: So they must have had a bridge there at Cold Stream?

Martin: No, no.

Foster: No bridge.

Martin: Oh, no. We just crossed it.

Foster: So there really weren't any bridges then on that road, even crossing Sweetwater River down there. No bridge.

Martin: No, no, no. It didn't need a bridge. You just crossed it, just crossed it.

Foster: Even with a wagon full of heavy logs, it wouldn't get bogged down?

Martin: No, well, no. But, of course, when there's too much hauling of heavy stuff, it, now this is what they used to call the, a lot of them called this Coleman Creek, but I think this is, is Pisclimi, isn't it?

Foster: It's what?

Martin: Pisclimi?

Foster: Pisclim, the village there. (Granny associated the name Pisclim to the drainage upon which village site Pisclim, CA-SDi-901, is situated.)

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Yes. Right.

Martin: That's what they called this creek. Yeah.

Foster: They used to call that Pisclimi Creek?

Martin: No, they called it, yeah, that's what the Indians called it. But every, all the other people after, after old Colemans and them went to cut wood up here and had the cabin up there, why then they all got to calling it Coleman Creek. My uncle found a beautiful olla right on top, right on the very peak of that mountain (Stonewall Peak). We went up there to look one time,

and he was like everybody, he's part Indian anyhow. Cherokee or something, I don't know. He came from Kansas, and, but, for some reason, he looked under that rock to see if it wasn't a rattlesnake or something for he sat down on it and, by gosh, he found a, just a beautiful little olla.

Foster: Right on the top of Stonewall Peak?

Martin: Yeah. Right on the top, right on the top of Stonewall Peak.

Foster: How big was the olla, would you say?

Martin: About that, about that big around. They's one of them...

Foster: About 18 inches around (in diameter)?

Martin: No, well, about, I would say 14 across. Not over that. And...

Foster: How big was the opening?

Martin: ...all in a very small neck, nice neck on it.

Foster: Was there anything on it?

Martin: No, not a thing in the world.

Foster: What do you suppose was in it? Grain, seeds, or water?

Martin: Oh, I don't know what they had.

Foster: Couldn't tell.

Martin: Just an offering, probably. My cousin had it and has it yet.

Foster: He still has it?

Martin: Oh, yeah. I don't think it'd be too hard to...

Foster: To look at?

Martin: No, to find. Yeah. It was a, he's got quite a few ollas, but that, that's the only one I know of that he ever found.

Foster: What's his last name?

Martin: Huh?

Foster: What's his last name?

Martin: McCoy.

Foster: Oh, yeah? It wasn't the fellow I was thinking of.

Martin: You've heard of the Martins and the McCoys.

Foster: Uh-huh.

Martin: When I was a kid, there used to be right up there on that, where that old tree is, used to be one of them big old woven, willow woven baskets that they had, the Injuns used to put acorns in. (Granny points to an area near UTM 3646760 meters N, 539270 meters E.)

Foster: You found a basket up there?

Martin: Yeah. It was, it was still in the tree, quite a bit of it.

Foster: Oh really. What, what happened to that?

Martin: Just time wore it out.

Foster: And it's gone.

Martin: Right across through there somewheres, where that sawmill was, I'm sure. Old, old...

Foster: Allison's?

Martin: ...Allison's mill, first mill. (Granny refers to the area near UTM 3646880 meters N, 539120 meters E.)

Foster: You don't think it was up higher on the mountain. It was down low.

Martin: No, it was right there. He didn't have to go anywhere. He could get all the timber he wanted. That old adobe house at my place, old, old Bill Flynn told me that Combs, who was his father-in-law, told him, told him that that, they come up here to Allison's and got the timber and that this, this Gillette that didn't know anything much about carpenterin', was somebody here at the mill cut the, cut some rafters for him, and they cut four, four rafters at the end of the, to go up to the gable, to fit the gable end, and then he just give him poles big enough to make rafters. Just straight pine poles to make rafters, and he took 'em and copied from the one's that'd been sawed. They're still in my old, that old adobe down there. You can see that streak across there where that old...

Foster: That's where that old road, and you can still see it right here crossing the meadow? (The old road crossed the meadow at UTM 3647540 meters N, 539200 meters E, running east-west, then went NE to Stonewall Mine.)

Martin: Oh, sure. You can see...

Foster: Right there.

Martin: Yeah. You can see...

Foster: Is that where it was cedar lined?

Martin: Yeah. That's where they had it riprapped so that it wouldn't bog down. They came right up over this ridge, right straight on across there.

Foster: So they came across the meadow, went over this ridge, and then down to the mine.

Martin: Yeah. My dad said when he, when he was driving them old bulls, he'd come out into that flat there where it was swampy in there. You could just jab 'em with that old bull all you want to and he'd just...wuhhhhh (Granny demonstrates the sound of the bull in this situation).

Foster: He's bogged down in the mud.

Martin: The stand, they wouldn't move. They wouldn't move them feet out there where them flies could bother them, not a bit, until after, after it cooled off so the flies wouldn't bother them.

Foster: Was it lined with cedar planks or logs?

Martin: Poles, just, they cut, they split them and make them like this and just laid...

Foster: Laid them down side to side.

Martin: Yeah. So that, so their feet wouldn't go through, and the wagon wouldn't cut, the wagon tires wouldn't go through it. Our log wagons.

Foster: Right. And then it came up over this little hill and then went straight across?

Martin: Yeah. I can show you where it went on across.

Foster: Okay.

Martin: That old spring back up in there, an old Indian that I was kinda raised with, he used to have a camp up there.

Foster: Right up there?

Martin: Yeah, right in there (UTM 3647680 meters N, 539680 meters E).

Foster: Think there's any, be anything still there?

Martin: I don't know. I don't suppose. I don't know what about it.

Foster: He used to live by himself there?

Martin: Yeah. He'd come up here to work and he'd always want to camp there. That old road runs right on, right on through there, somewhere.

Foster: I see.

Martin: To the mill.

Foster: But there was, there was the one bridge from that Milk Ranch Road, that cedar bridge. Is that the only one you can remember that was on that road?

Martin: I don't even remember it, but they's...now, right there, you see, where the kinda dead looking grass above that bush and these black oak trees stuff?

Foster: Up there on the hill?

Martin: Yeah. And see, that's kinda, kinda dead looking ground up there?

Foster: Up on the top. Yeah. (UTM 3648480 meters N, 539640 meters E)

Martin: Yeah. Well, right there, I used to see quite a bit of picket fence, there, where'd they, they'd been a house of some kind there at some time, and...

Foster: Is that right? Is that...

Martin: See, I read the, in that, in that deal there where, where, oh, I can't, I'd have to read it again just to get that name again, but they said something about half or three-quarters of a mile kinda south of Skidmores, somebody had a house, and I bet you that's where it was now. I don't know. But I know, I...

Foster: (South of) Skidmore's house?

Martin: Huh? No, Skidmore was at the mine, but he said, it said about a half a mile more or less that side of, south, kinda south from Skidmore's, they had a house there.

Foster: And you think that's where it was, with that picket fence. I see.

Martin: Yeah. I can't see what else. I never heard anybody tell me anything, but I saw the pickets and parts of the picket fence and nails and stuff. I didn't want to get a nail...

Foster: Were they square nails?

Martin: Yeah. Oh, I didn't want to get 'em in my horse's feet.

Foster: I see. Have you ever noticed all the mounds out in this meadow here (UTM 3648320 meters N, 539740 meters E)?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: What are those from?

Martin: Well, I think that, that they were, and they were all over that, all over the east, all over the mesa on over in there, and from what, from what Hellums said when they came inside of it, and you'll find it in, in old Pedro Fages' story too, that they came up and they could see through the pines down to the, to the valley. And I think that those were pines, and I know when I, when we were kids, we used to come up here with old George and them, and liked to play and play, work with him with the cattle and we'd, I'd gather these cattle to take them off to the, to the desert, it was cold and we'd gather a bunch of them and then they'd leave us kids, naturally, to hold 'em while they went and gathered more. And we'd hold them cattle and just darn near freeze to death. This is what they called Rattlesnake Ridge, Arrowhead ...

Foster: Arrowhead Hill? (Cuyamaca Village, sites CA-SDi-853, 859, and 912. Granny had called this village "Arrowhead Hill" because they used to dig up arrowheads there in 1910.)

Martin: Arrowhead Hill, yeah.

Foster: Do you remember any of the stone rings that were out here?

Martin: Yeah, they...

Foster: Where were they?

Martin: Yeah, but all those, anywhere in that valley, they, but they're sure gone now.

Foster: How big around were they, Granny, in diameter.

Martin: The old road used to go ...

Foster: Right over?

Martin: No, the old ... (pause) ... I think that road runs right over this hill and down by them corrals. The old corrals used to set down right over there, and this was all, this piece was fence for the mine pasture, and the corrals was right in there, then you had to go on around. You see, the road went around the lake this way. There was no road on this side for a long time. (A 1903 USGS topo map supports this; the road went around the east side of the lake.) They didn't, but that was the water where they got that.... I think this is what they call the Cuyamaca Reservation, the rancheria.

Foster: Right. Yeah, I think it is too.

Martin: Yeah. I'm, I'm quite...

Foster: Did the people at the mine use this spring, you said, for their water?

Martin: No, no, no.

Foster: Where did they get their water at the mine?

Martin: Piped it off of that Cold Spring, down here.

Foster: All the way from back up there?

Martin: This high Cold Spring up on that mountain, yeah.

Foster: Okay, yeah. It was, there was a pipeline? Going right to it?

Martin: Yeah. Four-inch, four-inch pipe.

Foster: Four-inch water pipe.

Martin: It was, it was a tin pipe. Used to be a great big old pine tree out there, but he's gone too, isn't he. Then there was that one over there on that corner, and he's dead too. Sonofagun. They was another good one right here. I used to watch them old gray squirrels go up that tree, see if I could knock him out with my six-shooter, but I didn't have too much luck. I didn't want him too bad, anyhow. But I used to like to give him a try.

Foster: Did you ever walk around on this little hill? (Site CA-SDi-852)

Martin: Oh, yeah.

Foster: There is a nice milling station here, but did you ever see a stone ring there, a house depression?

Martin: That's kinda stretching my wore out memory.

Foster: Yeah. Can't remember that far back.

Martin: I don't think I could. Yeah.

Foster: Are these, those mounds there, is it part of the tailings from the cyanide operation (UTM 3649200 meters N, 540220 meters E)?

Martin: That's the, that's the tailings. Yeah, that's the tailings where they dumped it. They wouldn't let 'em dump it on that side, and they dump it here to go back to the lake anyhow. Just, it just a natural, a natural thing, with, with, people are just like dogs. If he's big enough, why, he can bluff the whole outfit, you know, and that's, and that's the whole... it don't mean.... What's that? That's something else.

Foster: Yeah, that's a maintenance truck. But now, the old road going up to the mine came right here, didn't it?

Martin: Yeah, pretty much. (We are driving north to Stonewall Mine, at the gate to Los Vaqueros.)

Foster: Right about where it is now?

Martin: Yeah, yeah. Kinda along here.

Foster: Maybe a little higher up on that side?

Martin: Well, I don't know. I, I think this road probably tore up most of it. There over where the, yeah. Boy, these trees, pines and stuff have sure made a growth, the ones that wanted to. The other ones have gone.

Foster: Uh-huh. Was it Dyar who dismantled most of the mine stuff, the buildings and everything?

Martin: Oh, yeah, the damn Jew. He, he, he wanted to get his money back so he let them Los Angeles Irishmen come down here and they just destroyed that stuff. There used to be a great big old, one of the big old wagons stood over there, and they just load all kinds of, all of the stuff like double trees and neck yokes and anything like that, just loaded it in that wagon and set it afire, and then loaded it in them old hard-tired trucks and hauled it off to, to send to Japan for them to shoot at us with. This is what the blacksmith shop was.

Foster: Right here where this, this sled is (south side of shaft).

Martin: See the coal and stuff all scattered all over the ground there?

Foster: Uh-huh. Well, let's get out and walk around.

McAleer: This is where they crushed the ore.

Martin: Huh?

McAleer: They crushed the rock in here?

Foster: No, that was the shaft.

Martin: This is just the hoist.

Foster: The hoist. (Over the main shaft, the hoist works were inside a huge building - portions of the foundation are well preserved.)

McAleer: Oh, I see. I got you now.

Martin: All that stuff was over in this building.

McAleer: I got you. This is going down in the mine shaft.

Martin: That's just the, that's just the hoist and that, that hoist was here and the big oak, I mean the shaft was here and the big old hoist was over here.

McAleer: Okay. Now it makes sense.

Foster: And, you know, there wasn't a railroad system here, but we did find some rail. What was that for?

Martin: For that mine, those cars in the mine.

Foster: Ore carts? Between the shaft and the stamp mill?

Martin: No cars left, huh? No cars left up ...

Foster: Apparently not. I don't know. We have found some rail, though.

Martin: Oh, yeah. Yeah, there was quite a bit of rail.

Foster: And so it was, it was on the ground between the shaft and the, and the stamp mill?

Martin: There, it dropped down, there was even rails into the cage, you see. They'd wheel them cars out onto, into the cage and it'd come up and then they'd get in and dump or go on to the, to that building where they worked. There was quite a long trestle bridge run out there to where they took that stuff, all big old wood trestle.

Foster: And the rails were up on top of it then?

Martin: Oh, yeah. It was level.

Foster: I see. Can you see any of that in the photograph? Is it out of sight?

Martin: Huh?

Foster: Is it out of site?

Martin: Well, there's someplace that I've seen it.

Treanor: There are big photographs of it. Let's go in here to the museum, here. There's some big photographs...

Foster: Let's do that.

Foster: You said it's been about six years since you've been out here?

Martin: Yeah, I think I came with a gal when there was nobody here then, and we went down there and somebody had to, the gates was locked, you know, but somebody ..., he just had looked like was...(?). She said she didn't know whether we should go or not, and I told her I've never been in jail for being in my own country but I'd like to try it once and we went on down and opened the lock and then... (We are at the museum at Stonewall Mine.) That's one of the old buckets. (It is used as a trash can in front of the museum.) But that was early. That don't have much to do with the later operation. That was along in the first start of it, I think, when they just had a different, different way of hoisting that ore out.

Foster: So that was hanging down right above the shaft, and it pulled up the ore with this bucket?

Martin: Run down on the cable when they's, they'd bring it up and dump it into the, into the, whatever they hauled it off to the, to the stamper.

Foster: Would men do that? The hoist would pull it on up and then men would tip it over, into the ore cars?

Martin: Yeah. And they said that's no trouble. They just hoist it up and they'd push it over.

Foster: Push it over, right into a car?

Martin: No, they'd just push it over to where it landed there, and then, then they, cable would slack up...

Foster: Let it down.

Martin: ... and it'd hold this end and...

Foster: I see. And this is one of the earlier ones?

Martin: Yeah. Because later, they had, it just dropped that stuff up on those, on those ore cars and, and then they didn't have to do that, they'd just...

Foster: Right from down the shaft?

Martin: Yeah, from each level. They'd bring it, and they'd bring it up there, and, it'd just go on to the cage and then it comes up and then it goes on this other route over to the stamps. They didn't have to handle it this...

Foster: Did you ever go down the shaft, Granny?

Martin: No.

Foster: Do you know how deep it was?

Martin: Six hundred and something feet. There's a whole, there's a long strip of it goes right out under the lake.

Foster: Oh, is that right?

Martin: There's somebody got a map of that, haven't they?

Treanor: Yeah, there's a map in here.

Martin: You see, there's, there's you, there's the thing going across, to the winch over here, that's.... Pretty good.

Foster: This part right here.

Martin: Yeah. That's where, that's where she...

Foster: Okay, now, that's, that's going down to the stamp mill.

Martin: (Yeah,) to the stamps and the mills and stuff, yeah. You see, you see, the shaft up there, see it come right up and they come right around...out of that big old (?).... See that? There was that, it was a double, double shaft, those, I don't know, I think them old things was about six feet wide and twelve feet long, or something. There was two, two compartments kind of a deal. And see, when they come they just rolled the car up...

Foster: Was there any rail here?

Martin: Oh, sure.

Foster: Yeah. That's where they used the rail. Right along this scaffold here.

Martin: There and down the mine.

Foster: And this was the boiler?

Martin: Huh? Yeah, the boiler, she was over to that...

Foster: Now were there two boilers?

Martin: Boilers'd run this thing and then the boilers would run the hoist. It, that steam power, that's why they used so much wood, you see.

Foster: They had two of them going? Same time.

Martin: I think there's two boilers in each room.

Foster: Four of them, then.

Martin: Yeah. Four of them, four big old boilers.

McAleer: You can see the remains of the stacks in the mine area. Each stack breaks into a Y that in turn connects to its own boiler.

Foster: Oh, that's right.

Martin: Oh here's part of the stamp.

Treanor: That was another stamp.

Martin: I don't know, I don't know nothing much about that. Do you think that was for here?

Treanor: No, this, this one was for here.

Martin: Yeah.

Treanor: This one was a little north of here. I think this is up at the Eagle Mine or something like that.

Martin: I wouldn't be surprised somewhere around in there. Yeah, this is the, this is probably it. You know, I don't remember this stuff near like, like the fellow, 'cause I wasn't too interested in that stuff. I was like old Ponce de Leon and Cabesa de Vaca, when they came into that country down there looking for that gold and wading through that grass clear up here, till they couldn't see, and so they said, after two or three days tromping through that stuff, why they told the rest of them, "You fellows go on and find your gold. We're going back to the ship and go to Spain. I found my gold." He went back and brought some cattle.

Treanor: Do you recognize this part of the town, the city? ... as to what this is?

Martin: Yeah. Well, that's, that's..., this is the barn.

Foster: It looks like the barn, yeah.

Martin: I think that's the barn. And the hotel, hotel ought to have been right somewhere in there.

Foster: Well this, Granny, is the peninsula, you know, of the little island. Was it part of the city out there? You kinda had to walk through water to get out there?

Martin: No, are you sure that that is out on that land? I don't think so. There's the old barn...

Martin: I baled a lot of, I baled a lot of hay out of that, and yeah, that was it. We only had to go from here just right there the lake fence was right along here. There's another big oak tree was sittin' here, and we had a gate and we could run down there and water the horses when the trough was froze so you couldn't water 'em.

McAleer: Who owned that barn, Granny?

Martin: Huh?

McAleer: Whose barn was that?

Martin: That belongs to the, it belonged to ...

McAleer: The mill?

Martin: Cliff Moore, I mean old George McCain used it. See, he had, he lived here in the summertime and had his own property in Green Valley in the wintertime.

McAleer: I believe that photograph is 190...

Martin: Huh?

McAleer: 1906, I think, or 1907.

Martin: Uh-huh. Is that old Waterman?

Foster: That's Waterman.

Martin: That's what I thought.

Foster: Do you, do you know about when most of the buildings were taken down? Was that in the Thirties?

Martin: Yeah. It was, that was, no, let's see, ...

Foster: The Twenties, probably.

Martin: They were taken down, yeah, they were taken... See, old Dyar was building down there in 1922. That's when I got married, and sometime along in there, my father-in-law and ... (pause). So you see, I've been married a day or two, too. I can't remember how long. Fifty-nine years.

McAleer: What can you tell us about Glassen?

Martin: Huh, Lassen?

McAleer: Glassen.

Martin: Lassen? Por las anos ganar?

McAleer: No, no. Glassen. What can you tell us about him?

Martin: I don't know. Was he something???

Foster: He supposedly purchased the mine in 1917.

McAleer: Right before Dyar.

Martin: That's Gaston. Old Colonel Gaston. How'd they spell it? Maybe I don't know how to say it! Yeah, old Colonel Gaston. Yeah, I knew him.

McAleer: They have it here as Glassen. Glassen.

Foster: I've heard it as Gaston.

Martin: Yeah, Colonel Gaston, they always called him, because old George McCain...

McAleer: Like that.

Martin: Yeah, I think so.

McAleer: Yeah. I've seen it that way, too.

Martin: Old George McCain taking Green Valley for a, for a big old hotel or boarding house down in San Diego. Thought he was smart. I don't know whether he was or not. That's how he, that's how they got Green Valley back into the grant. I don't, I don't know Lockhart and them got it for something, from the, from the some of that, paying some of that lawyer bills or fees or something. I don't know anything about it, but it separated that way. And they old George bought it, Lockhart was, he had arthritis but they called it, he called it rheumatism then, and he was, he was...I don't know, there's some of them ought to be alive yet, but they don't know it. They wouldn't know nothing about this because they moved away from it. But I used to, they used to bring Charlie, who was his kid that was a little bit older than I was, and they used to bring up here for me to play with with I was a kid, and I don't remember nothing about that sort. Only thing I remember about it was, just to show you how I don't know what you'd call it, stingy I guess, he, old Charlie Lockhart gave me a flock of hardwood blocks, little blocks, oh, about, maybe that, but of all shape. And they all fit in a little tight tin can. If you got them in there right, they'd just fit that can even, and they was my blocks to play with. And then some years afterwards, we moved, Papa moved to San Diego in 1904 to give us kids an education and he couldn't stay there, so we ..., anyway, when we moved out of there, I never, he must have moved in such a hurry that he left my can of blocks there and I never did get 'em.

Foster: Granny, do you know how they were pumping the water out of the shaft? They had trouble with it flooding all the time, right?

Martin: Oh, yeah. They had lots of trouble.

Foster: How did they get the water out?

Martin: Well, the pumps are in the mine yet. They had big old steam pumps down in there.

Foster: Uh-huh. Off the same...? (steam power source)

Martin: They come a hundred foot levels as far as they could go. You see, they couldn't bring that water like they do nowadays. And...

Foster: A hundred feet up and then they'd put it into some kind of what?

Martin: No, this is just a booster pump every hundred feet. They just kept it a-coming, and they didn't want 'em to pump it out and into the lake. I don't know. People get comical ideas about that poison and stuff. That ought to show that pretty, that's pretty good. Who done that? (Granny is admiring the scale model of the town area located in the museum.)

Treanor: I don't know. A Park Aid did that.

Martin: Huh?

Treanor: A Park aid. Seasonal.

Martin: He gets pretty good, huh.

Martin: Don't look to me like this building is as big as it ought. These old buildings seem big to me, and this is the chute where they, what they come down and took and brought the wood across over and dumped it in there.

McAleer: See, he's got the wood stacked up.

Martin: Yeah. Yeah. Well, I think he's dreamin. The wood was stacked more upon this bank and along this mountain over here and then they dump it off in there to the mine, to this building, it was stacked right along in here somewhere, and they'd dump it off here and it went down a chute and down through...there ought to been some way they.... It went right through that wall and landed right in there where they could shell it into them boilers.

Foster: How did they get the gold out? Was it once a week, every day?

Martin: Oh, no. Once a, 'bout once a month.

Foster: Once a month. And where'd it go to?

Martin: To San Diego, and then I don't know what. But I know the old, old Will McCain was a stage driver here, and he's, he's the fellow that brought my mother and my...back up here after I was born from San Diego, and I thanked him a million times. But he, he, when he'd bring that stuff up here and they'd talk about they're going to have a gold, gold shipment going out and all they was going to have to do and all of everything, and to take care of it, and so, the superintendent, why, he'd fix ol' Will up in the buggy and Will would say somebody else going to drive the

stage, and Will'd go on back to take care of his own business and one thing or another, and he'd just get in the buggy alone and take the gold bricks and go down there and deposit them, and then the guard and everybody followed the stage down and everything, and they'd, if they'd a robbed 'em, they wouldn't have got nothing, because Will'd already took it in the buggy before.

Foster: Uh-huh. And he did this every time?

Martin: Yeah. Oh, yeah. Tricked 'em ...

Foster: Tricked them.

Martin: Yeah, they didn't know...

Foster: They didn't know which one was carrying it.

Martin: They wouldn't pay no attention to an old stove-up looking cowboy driving a...

Foster: Wasn't it in a locked box he had on the stage?

Martin: Oh, yeah. It was a steel, it was a box with lots of hard steel. Yeah, it was, you bet it was locked. He said he, but they knew he was an honest old sonofagun, and he wouldn't bother anything anyway. Yeah, he was an ... his son, they was, I think, up at, up at, up there at the coast.... (long pause) ...darn my head ain't no good anyhow... (pause). Santa Maria. And a lot of them got to calling this valley on out here and where it heads down to the upper end of Green Valley, they got to calling that Little Rattlesnake, but that's just their own comical notion. The Little Rattlesnake is just little until it gets bigger. There's a picture in the Julian Museum where Hoskins' with horses were haulin' logs.

Foster: How were they loading the logs into the lumber mill? They had a ramp, they had it up on high and they'd roll down a ramp?

Martin: It went on to, it went on to, to two cars and they just slid into the mill on those cars, and then they rolled them over on to the carriage, you know.

Foster: Was there much trade or sale between the Julian mines and the Cuyamaca mine, or were they kind of rivals?

Martin: Well, they, they, I think they, I think the Julian people, some of them, thought they wanted, they ought to have, in fact, they, old Julian outfit worked, leased and worked this mine at the early days quite a bit, so I don't know, don't know too much about that.

Foster: Yeah. Okay.

Martin: Julian did quite a bit of mining all right.

Martin: He just scouted around up there on the hill with an axe and after awhile he'd come back with a pole that he'd like, and just about right, and put it in on the bolster here, on the front bolster and let it go back and extend it about... It was about twice the length of the wagon and probably about a twenty-foot pole. I think about eight feet between the front and hind wheels. Part of that hind axle was just kind of hip shot, but he just went on and made him drag it in. They drove that and he didn't need much brakes.

Foster: That's all he did just drag one log going down the mountain?

Martin: No, he just..., the load rode on that log dragging back there instead of a wheel track, er..., and then on down to Talley's and then from Talley's he did change wagons.

Foster: Did they do the same kind of thing when they are going down the slopes of the peaks. Is that what you are talking about going off the peak where they were hauling it?

Martin: No, he was hauling, you see they went ahead and run that saw mill over there on the North Mountain. That was quite a while later, they was runnin' that up until about 1913. Then my father-in-law was on the (team?). But in 1903 and 1904 my dad was working there. My dad and uncle, and he had, there was two Martins over there, and one of them was (breakin'?) with mules and my dad had horses. There was Mule Martin, and Billy Martin and that is the way they called him. That's what happened to get down off the mountain, or to get another wagon load. I guess, I don't know what they called, Horn's Ranch, in below what they call Harrison Park now, there's a nice flat in there and that's the old Talley Ranch. Yeah ol' Jim Talley.

Martin: That's pretty good, you've got some pretty good pictures.

Foster: These are great pictures, really.

Martin: This, I think, must be the Clark cabin. I don't know who, that might have been. Molly can tell you in a hurry who's cabin was who's. She knew them all pretty well. I don't know how many they had.... This is the campo banco huh? (Molly is Granny's wife.)

Foster: That's Julian.

Martin: That is Julian, but that is. That's the graveyard at Julian. See, its growing up a lot of pines now.

Foster: But that is still there isn't it?

Martin: Oh yeah, they've got quite a graveyard there. Ol' John McCade gave them that piece of ground there for a graveyard. There are some pretty old graves in that. But the older ones are down in Barrens(?) at that cemetery. They don't take care of it anymore.

Foster: Was the boarding house or the hotel where a lot of mine workers stay also?

Martin: Yeah, Oh yeah.

Foster: I mean, that's what it was mainly for?

Martin: Well, some of 'em could have got their rooms in time, but then a lot of them had these other houses scattered all around. Just small things like that and they would probably be six or seven bunks in them just like the Army you know.

Foster: Uh huh, so who was staying at the boarding house and who got to stay in the (houses)?

Martin: This is the same thing that you've got that I brought isn't it? (He brought a photograph similar to the one we are looking at in the museum.)

Foster: I don't think that it is the very same one. No, but that is similar. It looks like the same day, huh. Yeah, it must have been about the same time or something.

Treanor: A lot more kids there. I think it's more of a drawing.

Foster: It is I think.

McAleer: Granny, were most of the men here were they married? Were most of them family men, or were they single?

Martin: A lot of them were...I think (married). This ol' White that the log rolled on and killed, and my dad who took the job of drivin' the log wagon. A lot of them, and I am quite sure, that he was married, but I don't know. My dad was, so that's two of them, but I don't know..., but I know old Charlie Ellis and some of them that was workin' here. Charlie Ellis never did get married. Some of them didn't.

McAleer: What about a church? Was there a church here?

Martin: Only at the school house or whatever. I know they held meetings. But I don't know how about that. My, it's a lovely day. As I said I was always interested in what was going on in these fields that I liked. Except when we were a-hayin', I wasn't to interested then but I did it.

Treanor: Looking at the boarding house here. It looks like this was just one-story but the one here is two-story.

Martin: Yeah, it does look it, but it was (two story).

Treanor: Is there any other place where they would gather like this? Was there a cookhouse that was separate from the?

Martin: No, there was no cookhouse.

McAleer: It might be that this is the back end of it.

Martin: Huh.

McAleer: Is this the back end perhaps with it lower?

Martin: Yeah, this is the base. I don't know which...just how we're lookin' at that thing. It's kind of hard to tell by that picture. I didn't bring that picture of mine.

Foster: I've got it in the car.

Martin: Have you?

Foster: Yeah, we will get that out again.

Martin: No, I meant my folks sitting on the (steps in front).

Foster: No, we didn't bring that one.

Martin: It shows the porch but the porch I think was over more on the west side. I think this building sits pretty well north and south. That is kind of a habit with all the old timers try to set their building.

Foster: On a north south alignment?

Martin: Yeah, except where they had like these mines, they had to set them where they...(were most productive).

Foster: What was the reason for it?

Martin: But, any bigger buildings while they like to set up pretty much with the compass.

Foster: Why was that Granny?

Martin: I don't know.

Foster: Just because.

Martin: Yeah, well habits..., we all have habits you know.

Foster: Were the buildings a lot of them on line with a road? I can see right here that there doesn't appear to be any road at all in front of the buildings. There wasn't any main street or

anything. O.K. here is the road coming into the town, and it came right up to the front porch of the boarding house. That's the main entrance right up the stairs?

Martin: Yeah, it came right in there and then just went around, right on around the hotel and on down to the corner.

Woodward: This looks like a pretty big house.

Martin: Yeah, I'm sure that was the Clark cabin, and that's when the old Clark bought the mines.

Foster: Could that also have been Governor Waterman's house?

Martin: I've got an idea that Waterman done part of it and then Clark with the eastern people and they enlarged it so they could have help because they came when ol' Abraham Lincoln turned the niggers loose. They brought them here to. Molly knows his name and all about it. I think it would be good if we could get her. We will have to get her sometime because she can tell you this thing, I'm sure, better than I can because she is more interested.

Foster: Well, we will be back and bring her back out.

Martin: You know, I would like to get her up here because she hasn't been here for so long she wouldn't know where the place was. Bring her up here blindfolded, you know, and she wouldn't know but what she was in Africa.

Foster: Well, why don't we go out and see if we, do you remember where the hotel was? Do you think you can find it?

Martin: Oh sure, I don't know.

Foster: Let's give it a try.

Martin: Things changed in my mind and it's getting so that I can't remember my name. So I don't know.

(We leave the museum and continue interview while walking towards the former location of the hotel.)

Martin: Right over this ridge. (Granny is pointing SW of museum.)

Foster: The brick factory was right up the hill?

Martin: Yeah, where MacNett had his brick factory.

McAleer: O.K. so the brick man was right up over there. Over the hill.

Martin: Almost down to where the road came around to the tailings over here.

McAleer: Make a note the brick factory is close to where to Sam found the buried bricks (Sam Biting, Maintenance Supervisor at the Park).

Martin: I can show you pretty well where it was.

Foster: Oh, it was over the hill.

Martin: To that tract of land that Harvey use to own, and that was A.L. MacNett.

Foster: A.L. MacNett was the brick maker. He worked for the mine company?

Martin: No, I think he was an individual kind of a guy who just made his own contracts or something. He was our sheriff around this country, one of them.

McAleer: So that is about the 1870s, 1880s.

Martin: No, no, when he was doing the work here was probably along about the end of the mining deal, because he built a home down at the...between...well right at The Willows, at what they call The Willows now, and he built a home down on that hill there, an adobe, a grand old adobe.

Foster: Where did he live when he was working here?

Martin: Just in camp like all of 'em.

Foster: What kind of a kiln was out there?

Martin: Well, he just, I think they just piled that stuff and burned 'em. I mean they know how to make the kiln, I don't. He run the outfit with a horsepower, an arrastra.

Foster: An arrastra?

Martin: Kind of like an arrastra, ...and run the brick out to the deal.

Foster: Who else was using the bricks besides the mine?

Martin: Well a lot of people, you know.

Foster: Came up and bought them from him?

Martin: A lot of them bought them from him if the mine didn't need them. Then they bought them to make a fireplace. I know Green Valley House they had them down there.

Foster: What about Julian?

Martin: Yeah, I know they had a lot of them. But I don't know for sure whether. I said they had brick buildings and stuff over there but they might have been another brickman over there. I don't know that for sure.

Foster: Yeah.

Martin: Bueno, we go see if we can...(find the hotel site). That was the trail wagon and it was altogether different then the big wagon that they burned. But the reason they didn't burn this one is because it was down there at Green Valley. That was still in pretty good shape when I lived there.

Foster: Where did you live in Green Valley?

Martin: Well, I would have to show you down the hill a little ways. (Granny lived at the Mulkins House site)

Foster: South of the park headquarters?

Martin: No..., yeah, yeah south. It would be fun to rebuild that old wagon. Son of a gun.

Foster: You said the other one burned?

Martin: The Judiaz (?who-dee-ahs) burnt it for scrap metal. Ya see, there is a lot of good iron on that and if a man knows anything about blacksmithing look at that old beam on that thing how thats all hand forged. That's all blacksmithed. All that stuff. That's pretty good. I tried my best to get a lot of that. That old cable is to darn hard. I wanted to get a bunch of it and make me corrals with it. I thought that would be fun to see.

Foster: What did they use that cable for?

Martin: That's the cable that pulled the buckets up.

Foster: Up the shaft?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Why is it flat like that? It went over a big flat pulley, and then it wouldn't slip, if they used a cable, a round cable (then it would slip).

Martin: You see the cable the pulleys are on.

Foster: Oh right there. Oh yeah, it's got a track in it. I see.

Martin: I bet you can't guess how that was stopped (the hoist cable).

Foster: The break on the wagon?

Martin: No, on the cable.

Foster: On the pulley?

Martin: to stop it anywhere. Or to hold it or to let it the speed they want.

Foster: It didn't have a clutch on it?

Martin: No they had brakes, just great big old brakes. They were shod with bullhide, rawhide.

Foster: Is that right?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: But you see how that wagon was made. That is the trail wagon to haul logs and stuff on. To haul things and look at the brake beam. You see the trail wagon. I don't know what you know about wagons. (We all admit to know nothing.) But you see anybody that really knew wagons and drove teams and big wagons and stuff, he would say they was crazy. The brake ratchet wasn't on that side of the wagon. Well, that's because they just don't sabe (know). The driver always rode on the right hand side, on the off side of the wagon. Because he had to have room for the whip. He didn't have no foot drop, he had a whip. See on these wagons where they drove a jerk line team or the man rode the near wheel horse and he had to saddle them and he had the rope back to the brakes and when he wanted to put the brake on he just slowed the old wheel horse up and took a few turns and then made him come up and pull the brake on and hold the brake.

Foster: Uh huh.

Martin: You know that they can gripe about that old Dyar if they want to but that son-of-a-gun sure destroyed a lot of pretty stuff here and that building it wouldn't of took very much to have kept that thing up. It's too bad.

Foster: He went after the metal did he? He sold the metal.

Martin: Yeah, just sell it to the Japs. Anything he could get loaded they sent boat loads of it.

Foster: Well, who was hauling it to San Diego.

Martin: I don't know. Someone.

Foster: He's selling it to somebody here?

Martin: Yeah, I don't know. Some of those Dyar's Los Angeles Irishman come down here you know and took it. He had plenty of them and was glad to make a few dollars, and they destroyed that thing. That's quite a smokestack when you look at them things, isn't it?

Foster: It sure is.

Martin: They stood up there quite a ways. He had quite a bunch of that Harper Ranch. Old Aikens bought some of that.

McAleer: Granny, you said that Dyar got rid of most of the stuff here at the mine. What about the buildings and cottages where the people lived.

Martin: Yeah, he sold it.

McAleer: He went through that too, huh.

Martin: Well, he sold the building to anybody that wanted a home of some kind. That fellow at the Turkey ranch bought that old Clark Building and its still there and still standing and they go... (pause ...but the rest of them I don't know he got rid of them so they taxes didn't cost him so much.

Foster: Yeah.

Martin: I used to come over here and visit Frank and Alision and Frank and Katie and his wife when I was going with my wife before (marriage). When she was working down at the dam. We used to come over here and visit with them.

Foster: Well, should we go on over to the hotel?

(Granny is now talking about bed bugs in the hotel.)

Martin: Sure. I don't want to go up there and work all day and then scratch all night.

Foster: There were bed bugs in that hotel?

Martin: Oh yeah. There were. See the old boards is just native, sawed lumber, up and down boards. Then it had cheese cloth tacked on it and then they would put paste on that and then paper.

Foster: And that was your bed.

Martin: Yeah, that was it.

Foster: Paper.

Martin: Yeah, and then the walls looked nice, you know. Then the bed bugs lived right between the paper and the walls you see and as soon as it got time to eat why they knew where the bed was.

Foster: How much did it cost to stay there?

Martin: Oh, darn I don't know. It didn't cost nothing when we were there on these times because it was already leased, and old George just had it and he lived there instead of anywhere else.

Foster: Yeah, but you never heard how much it would cost to stay there per night?

Martin: No I don't. I think they were high enough but not nothing in proportion to what it is now. This is where the ramp was down at the boilers somewhere here right there. A lot of this stuff has grown. Quite a lot of it has come in here since. Of course, they have change it but the old bank the road was I think along about the level right there and then the bank wasn't to much but there was a bank here and then the road along somewhere here. Yeah, the road must have been out here because...that must be where the shoot was.

Foster: Is this their water pipe. (A length of pipe is visible just north of mine, on road.)

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Coming in from Cold Spring?

Martin: The water from the reservoir. It's here on the hill, isn't it?

Foster: I don't know. (Yes, the reservoir is extant. Although it has been modified, original stone work is present. (UTM 3649340 meters N, 540130 meters E.)

Martin: Yeah, there was a big old round reservoir it sat on top of the hill. It had a square like roof to eight-sided roof. That was the water supply that came from Cold Spring; they had plenty of water...that ol' Cold Spring was a good spring. It had lots of water.

Foster: They didn't have two systems, for drinking, and for boilers, or was it all one?

Martin: It was all coming down this one line. Oh sure, I imagine they had other lines on down there. But, for the boiler when they wanted water in that thing, they needed it so they just dropped her in with (this pipe). The water that comes to this mine came in 10 coated pipes and so it wouldn't rust.

Foster: Do you know where they got this stone, for the foundations for these buildings? (the hoist and the mill)

Martin: I don't know where they got them, but I know that Charlie Ellis told me that they had quite a....cutting the stone, they had good stone men and they knew how to cut it, but the cement that these things, I could show ya where that lime was got, that (lime) over at the north end of Pine Valley up on a ridge over there and they had a kiln over there where they burned that lime and hauled it here and I didn't know the old fellow had a mining claim over there, and I used to live with him and his name was Charlie Walker. He used to tell me all about it. I used to stop there. See, I had that country for a good many years over there. I had cattle there, and I would always stop at his place and listen to him and have coffee.

Foster: Uh huh.

Martin: He was one of San Diego's band players, he played in the band. I think he was a fiddler. They had quite a band, I guess, at one time in San Diego. The Clark Building sit right on a bench right there. It had to be somewhere right in, right there. (The Clark building was at UTM 3649390 meters N, 540190 meters E.)

Foster: That would be Watermans, the Clark Building? It was right on this terrace here.

Martin: Huh?

Foster: It was right here on this terrace.

Martin: Yeah, that is where the Clark (house) stood.

Foster: They called that the Clark cabin?

Martin: Yeah, I can't always remember his name. I knew his son quite well, Robi...(Robinson?), who was later under the Sheriff of Imperial Valley. He could have been sheriff but he didn't want the run of it. When he died he gave up, before he died he gave Everett Campbell who used to own that place at Vallecitas, and he gave him a nice old 45 Smith and Wesson six shooter and then when Everett died he gave it to me and it sure is a good ol', ... good ol' ... It is one of the first twenty-five 45 that Smith and Wesson ever made with a double action. Boy, these other gun nuts they sure want to talk me over. I can't understand them. (They try to con the gun away from old Granny.)

Treanor: I can imagine.

Martin: But it sure is a good gun. When I use to know how to shoot a little bit, I sure liked it. But I have got so darn wabbly now, I can't even hold it up so I don't try to touch it. But there was that Clark cabin there and then there is another cabin right here and Molly could tell you who they were, but I don't know who they were.

Foster: Is that why this is terraced like it is because it was graded for the houses?

Martin: Yeah, uh-huh...there were several houses in here but there was quite a lot of stuff with the tailings outfit.

Foster: You say the post office was right here? (Granny later identified the Post Office locale for us as UTM 3649440 meters N, 540230 meters E.)

Martin: He says some old miner came up there in the evening and he had five or six broom handles cut off of the broom. He had each my dad and another fellow was going to watch one ship and they guarded it all night there. I think it was pretty well

summertime because he said he was hot and had the windows open into the post office, and this old boy said "here's you some sticks" and he said "what do we want them for" and he said "well, along about the middle of the night everybody's cats in this community will be in here to eat on that old boy" and he said "you will have quite a time battling 'em out of here." My dad said they sure did too, the cats come and had..., but I think this is where they probably put a small tree a long time ago. I think you can see where that little post office was somewhere. I don't know for sure but I think you can. I know there were other buildings surrounding these places here. But I just know that they were here when I came.

Foster: Look...a deer. Here's another one. Yeah, two young does. Now the only way they can get back off of this (peninsula) is this way isn't it?

Treanor: No they can go around it.

Foster: Oh, they can go around where it's low. That's right. Three! (A third doe runs away.)

Martin: A little old stubby pine over there where the deer has a trail across there, and we'd try to (catch one).

Woodward: You couldn't lasso one huh.

Martin: Huh-uh, no (never did)... We knew they would be there and we knew their trail pretty well and when they were gathering cattle we would come around here and scare them off that way and then we would hurry over to... (ran out of tape).

Martin: All these forester fellows that savvy... The old timers told me that those trees years ago they got up there in the snow, and big snow got on them and weighted them down and they froze and stayed that way until they just molded them over that way and kind of hedged them up there at the top, but the forest service says they made 'em (poles?).

Foster: Huh.

Martin: The forestry some of them that understand and know, of course, the superintendent down here he come up there to the Laguna (Que se Seca) and he says these pines and stuff that are not native to this country, they shouldn't be here they are the wrong kind of pines.

Foster: These pines here.

Martin: Up on the Laguna.

Foster: Oh, on the Laguna.

(The participants during the following conversation are working at historic photographs of Cuyamaca City area.)

Martin: He didn't say but...., but he was up there at Laguna givin' the trial conservation at that time. See that old tree that is right there right beside the hotel. I think with the picture you could find it. The hotel use to sit right in there. (UTM 3649480 meters N, 540180 meters E.)

Foster: Right in this clearing where there is sand?

Martin: Somewhere right there. I think you can see that tree by the picture and then you could mark it off.

Foster: Yeah, right here next to this big black oak. Do you think that black oak has been there.

Martin: Oh, I think so.

Foster: Oh, yeah.

Martin: I think if you cut that black oak...

Foster: Couple hundred years, huh.

Martin: you would have about 300 (rings).

Foster: Granny, is this the oak?

Martin: I believe it is.

Foster: There was another one behind it. That might be that one.

Martin: I think this one back there is probably it. There must be something happening here because the hotel looks a little to far to have been sitting right here then for this oak.

Foster: Well, it could have been beyond it a little bit.

Martin: Well, I think it is this one over here.

Foster: Uh huh.

Martin: But you can't see the limbs enough to tell for sure up in there. I can't always see the limbs.

Foster: No, I can't either.

Martin: Doggone it, I bet somebody could find it. They don't say who this is (referring to a man in a historic photograph), huh.

McAleer: It might be on the back. I think that is....

Woodard: This is George McCain (referring to man in photo).

Martin: Oh yeah, that is old George. Yeah.

Foster: You say the hotel was running north/south.

Martin: Oh George likes to look like old Teddy Roosevelt.

Foster: Uh huh.

McAleer: He liked that, huh.

Martin: He always wore that vest and that mustache

Woodward: and a big hat.

Martin: Yeah, Yeah, he liked to puff up and look like old Theodore, and he was the only Republican in the McCain tribe.

Treanor: So this would be the hotel. (We are at the hotel site; UTM 3649480 meters N, 540180 meters E.)

Foster: He said it was north/south, but is that the long axis of the hotel?

Martin: Huh.

Foster: This north/south, was it the long ways?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: So the front entrance where the staircase is, is this way looking towards the mine (faces south).

Martin: I think the front entrance would have been somewhere right along in here.

Foster: And looking towards the mine?

Martin: Huh?

Foster: Facing the mine? The steps.

Martin: The steps?

Foster: Face the mine. Is that right?

Martin: Well, I don't know I got this side of this building. It seemed to me like it was this side right here on here and the steps were to the front. (The steps faced south, the mine is S-SE of the hotel.)

Foster: O.K., I follow you, because north is this way. So the long axis was north/south.

Woodward: So which way do you think we are facing?

Foster: Well, the steps were on this end (the south end).

Woodward: Uh-huh. Like this. (Examining photograph; 2 oaks may still be present.).

Foster: Uh huh, were on this end and then the rest of them went that away.

Martin: I think so. My folks were sitting on the porch and it didn't have this kind of an awning. The other side had and awning.

Treanor: Well, this is the volunteer organization's first camp here.

Foster: The Mounted Patrol Camp? There is historic trash debris there.

Woodward: I have seen that picture. I saw a copy of it at the historical society Monday. We ordered it for our office.

Martin: Oh, did you?

Foster: Yes, not much (debris) but there is hardly any out here (on the peninsula), and that would make sense that that is right behind the backside of the hotel.

Woodward: Wait a minute, I got it, right here, don't move. He thinks its just like this.

McAleer: This is the corner you are standing at?

Woodward: He thinks that that tree would be it.

McAleer: This one?

Woodward: See this is running north/south and this is running east/west?

McAleer: Uh huh, and we are over more that way though because of the tree here, right.

Woodward: Let's see. That portion of...

Martin: ...you'll find some roots deeper in there, and all these young trees they are to young. They weren't in here. The old school stood right on down there someplace (UTM 3649510 meters N, 540120 meters E).

Foster: How far out about 20-50 yards? Right out in there where those pines are.

Martin: Yeah, and then I think the school and then I think Molly's family and them had a little house one way or the other from that

school. It was several houses. Some down in there. Somewhere down there where they could look right at the lake good, ya know. Then there were some others there.

Foster: Do you remember where they were dumping the trash from the hotel. We found some, there is some ceramics and bottle glass right out here.

Martin: I wouldn't doubt it.

Foster: That would be where, they would dig a hole you suppose?

Martin: They would just dig some old pit or something.

Foster: Did they have privy pits out here.

Martin: Yeah, they had those cusados (coo-sah-doze) right there by them trees, right by where that tall grass is.

Foster: Was it a big structure.

Martin: Yeah, a three-holer, I think. (Granny pointed to a spot 40 meters NE of the hotel site where he thought the cusados were located.)

Foster: A three-holer.

Martin: Yeah, I think it was.

Foster: So there probably ought to be some depressions out there from that.

Martin: Oh, I think if you could scoop probably a five or six inches of that ground off, you could tell it quick.

Foster: Uh huh.

Martin: ...because the feel would be something different then the natural ground.

Foster: Do you suppose there might be bottles and ceramics in the (privy)?

Martin: Oh, I bet you. These old guys.

Foster: They filled those things with bottles didn't they.

Martin: Oh sure they didn't want nobody to know and these guys that didn't want to give somebody else a drink of whisky he would sneak out there and have a drink you know, and if he had the last of it, why (down the hole).

Foster: That's where it went.

Martin: Yeah, sure.

Foster: That's why they are in the privys?

Martin: Oh, sure.

Foster: Because they are sneaking nips out there.

Martin: Oh sure, they don't want their wife or somebody else that must know it.

Foster: So they down the whole thing, and down she goes.

Martin: So that's their bank vault, yeah.

Foster: A three-holer. (Laughing)

Martin: Those cusados, they always had it, yeah.

McAleer: O.K. then we would have another building that looked like the way we had it figured out would have been back over in that area there.

Woodward: No, this way.

McAleer: That way. Oh, I see, yeah.

Martin: I remember something about going..., that we'd go around to go on down and that could have been the post office, I don't know.

Foster: That might have been the post office there, you think.

Martin: It might have been. Yeah, that is a lot like what my memory of the post office was. It was kind of built that way.

Woodward: Maybe it's right on this curb over here.

Martin: Yeah, I think there was a window here, but it don't show it.

Foster: That looks like a big pine right there.

Martin: Yeah, it does.

Foster: That might be that one right there, huh? Could it be? That big coulter pine right there. (We are finding trees in the historic photograph still present on the peninsula.)

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: So that would put it right about here where the bend in the road is. That building.

Martin: Yeah, I think so. It seemed to me like the old road was...well, I didn't realize that it dropped so much to so on down to the barn...

Foster: Then, you think this building is the post office.

Martin: I kind of think it could be, but Molly could tell you if that's right.

Foster: O.K.

Foster: Granny, do you know what this building was? It looks like it is right between the two oaks. Right over in here.

Martin: Yeah, right in there somewhere or something. No, I don't know. I don't know if that's the school or not. I know the school was this way from right out there somewhere from here. Molly could tell you for sure, but I'm not going to be that good I don't think. Not if we can help it. You got pretty good pictures here alright. Molly could help a lot.

Foster: Yeah, I bet you the originals would really bring back memories. These copies aren't that great.

Woodward: That on the back is identified as being a bunk house. It says that's George McCain. What would the bunk house be for?

Martin: Well, they called that the hotel.

Foster: The boarding house or the bunk house is the same thing (as the hotel)?

Martin: It don't look right. No, they had a bunk house for the teamsters and everybody right by the barn. Down by the barn, but the world don't look right to be the barn. (The bunk house and the hotel must have been two separate buildings.)

Woodward: What doesn't?

Martin: The lay of the land.

Woodward: In this picture, when you can see it, it's snowy. There is snow on the ground there.

Martin: Yeah. Cuyamaca used to having lots of snow but it's got over it for some reason. Just because I don't have to wade in it, I think.

Martin: That's pretty good (admiring a picture), how would I steal that?

Treanor: Do you recall how many people would stay in that bunk house?

Martin: No.

Treanor: Pretty big though?

Martin: Yeah I think its sits right above the old barn but some quite a little ways this side of the old barn. I think there was a house set in there, and darn it I wish I could remember better but I can't. But see there is an old tree that should have been something to help us in these pictures. That old stump. But these younger pines and stuff they come through later.

Foster: Yeah in most of the pictures you see there are hardly any trees out here.

Martin: All these pines. Pines like that tallest one there. They, I'm sure they're not. They weren't here at all.

Foster: Did they use most of these trees here? Were these the first ones to go when they set up the mine you think?

Martin: Oh, I imagine, yeah.

Foster: Then they started going farther away and then they had to go to the peaks.

Martin: Like I was saying about those humps that you were talking about (UTM 3648330 meters N, 539760 meters E) that is all over the north end and out in there. When we were gathering cattle, helping those fellows gather cattle, and they would park us kids out there to freeze while they went to see if they could find more or something. There was a number of old pine stumps like that. Pitch pine, ya know, and we would go over and break them and set them a-fire and they would burn, some of them for two or three or four days you know, and if you didn't, you could always see the melted spot in the snow, any you sure didn't want to get there because you could fall in that bed of coals. But we would set them a fire to keep warm and watch the darn cattle and stuff.

Foster: You think that is what causes those mounds?

Martin: Yeah, oh yeah, I do but the rest of the world don't believe it, but I burnt the stumps so I know darn well their was some there. But they say that they, people that study the earth and know things, they say that I don't know what I'm talking about and I might not on all of it, but I sure do know that I burnt a lot of them stumps. Not a lot but I bet I burnt probably four or five in around different times when we were together working.

Foster: How did you get those going in the snow?

Martin: Just shoot into it with a six shooter and splinter that pine and then they (are) easy to light with a match.

Foster: Do you always carry your six shooter when you were out here?

Martin: Oh sure, everybody, all of us did.

Foster: Everybody did?

Martin: Oh, sure. All this gun talk was just more control of people. It don't mean nothing about the guns. Nobody..., everybody carried guns and there was nothing that ever happened to them. That's all a farce down there. All that monkey business. If they, I think if they had the same breed of people here now though they would have kept the undertaker busy. (Granny is very cynical about gun control.)

Woodward: Which direction was the barn from here that we saw in that picture?

Martin: The barn is down over the hill. Down right close to the lake. We could get around there and see it, I guess. Of course, you could drive down there and wouldn't have to walk a million miles. I'm not the best walker. You can't get in can you?

McAleer: Well, we could bring the car down.

Treanor: I'm not sure how far we can get down there. Sure.

Martin: That would be a whole lot easier.

Woodward: Why don't we go sit and rest for awhile.

McAleer: I'll bring the car down.

Foster: O.K. Yeah, why don't we do that Granny. Why don't we go sit down in the shade for awhile.

Martin: Yeah.

McAleer: I think we have got some water in the canteen.

Martin: Only water?

Woodward: Yeah, no bourbon in it though.

Martin: I like "hot cunish". I like it with coffee. I don't go for all these other stuff. I like a good drink once in a while, but I would rather have the coffee.

Foster: What were they drinking out here at the mine.

Martin: Whisky was easy to get then. Old John Holmes down there at Alpine, er... down there at Descanso sold lots of special brand whisky to all of them down there. It was mostly black pepper and something so it had lots of bite to it.

Foster: Well, how was it sold, because I heard that bottles were real expensive. So they would sell it in big wooden drums and then people would refill the bottle all the time?

Martin: Yeah, Jimmy Jones they called it that old gallon or half gallon jug with the wicker around it...yeah.

Foster: Then they would keep refilling their pumpkin flasks?

Martin: Oh, yeah, you can take that and get it filled there. No, they just hook it on there shoulder and have a swig and hand it to him. Because you couldn't get any germs after taking that kind of medicine. That's for sure. No, I never, I don't know, I never tasted it...heck...along...until after I came back out of the Army, I never had any use for liquor. I like good whisky, but I.... Is that water? (Foster is offering Granny the canteen.)

Foster: Yeah.

Martin: Oh, I never, it might rust me. I never drink water either. No, I don't. Oh, sometimes I will come by a nice creek or a stream or something that I think looks good and cool, and I will take a drink of water. But I never drink water. The doctor just gives me a bad time. I told him I will drink it if you put some coffee in it. He said, "How much coffee you drink?" "Oh," I said, "I don't know." He said, "Six cups?" I said, "Oh I know I drink more than six." He said, "I want you to cut down on that coffee," and I said, "O.K. I'll cut down from 10 to 12 huh," and he said, "Yeah, that might be a good idea," but I did develop a heart attack out of it. I never expected that. So since I had that heart attack I'm not worth a hoot. I can't walk anywhere to get anywhere and I can't do anything. But I keep busy all the time. I don't think I do anybody any good.

Foster: You mentioned last time that we talked, about, you knew one guy who was buried in the cemetery there. What was his name again?

Martin: White. He's the one that the logs rolled over him.

Foster: Logs rolled over on him? Where did that happen, where did that accident happen?

Martin: Right there where they unloaded. Where they could get that log to the mill.

Foster: So they brought that log cart on the high end of the hill and they had some kind of roll down?

Martin: What he was hauling them on was a regular log leg. I don't know if it was a home built outfit or what. But you see he had two big logs on the wagon and then another one on top of that and then when they undone the binders, he undid the binders from each side and everything and then when he undid this binder and blocked it for some reason or other it just moved and all, it had to do when moved, it kicked its chock out from under it and when it did it just come and rolls and it just hit him and it knocked

him over flat and the ground was just as hard as that pavement and it just ran right over him. My dad said he was rolled out purt-near like a hot cake.

Foster: Is that right.

Martin: Yeah, terrible.

Foster: So he was one of the first people buried here?

Martin: No, I think there was others, but as far as them I don't know.

Foster: You don't know of any other mining accidents. Nobody was killed in the shaft.

Martin: There was but I don't know them. I can't give you any history on them. But there was other graves there because there was several picket fences around those graves. Then I don't know when it happened or anything, but sometime and I don't know who had the ranch or what about it. But you see since I was just a little kid, I've been coming up here. Whenever they'd work cattle, I always like to come and fool with them and if I could I always came. One time when we were working gathering cattle around here, I can remember that I could see that somebody had dug and left that grave. Some dirt was high and the hole was a little low and they had filled it alright but nothing very careful, and there was nothing left, but you could tell that somebody had dug somethin' and then somebody read in the paper, I never read the paper, but somebody told me that they read in the paper where Whites people from somewhere had come and got the remains.

Foster: Really, they dug him up from the cemetery and moved him out of here?

Martin: Yeah, and moved him to somewhere. I think you will find that in history in the San Diego paper somewhere. I think you can find about that.

Foster: Are you getting hungry, Granny? Do you you want a sandwich or something?

Martin: Anything, I don't care whatever suits anybody.

Foster: What does that sound like to you John? (We go to lunch for one hour)

(After lunch, we return to the mine area, and the interview continues as we are walking west from the mine, where Granny plans to identify the cemetery location.)

Martin: He said O.K. Mr. (?) O.K. So he got his chores all done and hooked two horses to a buggy and lit out to come up here and he got purt-near halfway up the old grade there from Viejos, and

he'd say, "I sure have made a mistake." The first white place he saw he turned around and went back down to Viejos and he got a four-horse team and hooked it up and when he got up here he found out he had made a mistake. Because he brought that four-horse team up to get a frow. He thought anything with that kind of a name couldn't be hauled in a buggy. They would have to haul it in a big wagon. He got up here and they told him what he is coming for man..., and he shook. He acted like a dog with his tail between his legs for quite awhile. They all made fun of the poor old devil.

(Martin continues near the reservoir west of Stonewall Mine.)

Martin: ...but I was just careful not to ride over them or anything but there is parts of the old picket fences and stuff and I think there was parts of the boards or something that had been headstones but I never did read them or try to. I think there must have been five or six to seven graves or something like that.

Foster: Oh, we have got photographs of that. That's what that was. Those weren't Girl Scouts sitting up there in these photos. Well, they were a little bit older than that.

Martin: ...to take loads of that lime from over there to here to use because before the turn of the century, our cement all had to come around the Horn in barrels. Boy, I'm not that fast on this hill. I never was good at footin' it, but when I have to now it sure is a chore. This way uphill.

Foster: So how was Rensch in the field when you went out with him? You said before, Granny, you used to call him Liquid Rensch. (Refers to Hero Rensch, former curator at Cuyamaca Rancho State Park.)

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Did you tell him that?

Martin: I think so, but I don't know (Granny's laughing).

(McAleer picks up an early brick and is telling Granny how it is manufactured.)

McAleer: yeah this would be earlier than the cutting process...they got sophisticated after a number of years and started to put in the makers name here.

Martin: Oh yeah.

McAleer: like a free lancer or something like that.

Martin: I thought she (A. L. MacNett's daughter) was the prettiest in the world. She was sure quite a gal.

Foster: That A. L. MacNett (brickmaker at Cuyamaca City)?

Martin: Uh huh. Yeah, his daughter's name was Lea, and she had pretty near golden hair and I used to tie it to the desk in the school, and get in trouble, but she used to come horseback and boy she was sure a good rider. Oh, MacNett was a darn good sheriff. Look at here, where the venada went, embrey. (Granny is pointing to deer tracks on the dirt road.)

Foster: Where the what went?

Martin: Embrey, venada, the doe, a little doe went there. That's what I like about the earth, it don't lie. It tells you the truth. What went which direction and when if you can read it. Boy, I come up hear one time and this ridge was just covered with Girl Scouts, camps, and stuff right out on top of the old graves and everything, I couldn't tell where nothing was.

Foster: How long have they been out, Steve?

Martin: The Girl Scouts? Oh...they've been comin' along.

Foster: Since the fifties?

Treanor: Oh, it's probably been since the sixties.

Martin: They don't have them any more?

Foster: Mid-60s I guess.

Martin: Is it them or there is somebody, is that, they call them campfires below, or what?

Foster: Oh,...the Boy Scouts?

Treanor: No, below the dam is Campfire Girls.

Foster: Oh, that's right, at Camp Wolahi. Well, now that is an Indian name. Right? Was that an Indian Village there where those Campfire Girls are now?

Martin: How do you spell it, do you know?

Foster: W-O-L-A-H-I.

Treanor: I don't think it was a camp.

Foster: No? (Pause) I wonder why there aren't more coyote holes out here on this hill. They all seem to be south of us.

(The interview continues at the cemetery site, UTM 3649260 meters N, 536670 meters E.)

Martin: ...those times when there wasn't much going on, he would have probably never known it or known the difference and they could have done it. It seemed like somebody would have remembered it.

But I remember that there was some kind of old mound and diggin and stuff somewhere in here where that grave was, but gosh I couldn't guess within 20 feet of it.

Foster: Yeah.

McAleer: Earlier, at lunch, Granny was talking about the location of the original reservoir, Laguna Que Se Seca, and that it was over that way (John points towards the east side of the lake), and not up towards the dam area.

(While driving to the Mulkins House site, Granny recites this poem.)

Martin: Around the corner I have a friend
In this great city that has no end
Days go by and weeks rush on
I never get to see my old friend's face
For life is swift and twinkle race
He knows one just a little
As in the days I rang his bell or he rang mine
We were younger then
Now we're busy, tired men
Tired of playing a loose game
Tired of trying to make a name
Tomorrow, I say "I'll call on Jim"
Just to let him know I'm thinking of him
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes
And the distance between us grows and grows
Around the corner yet miles away
"Here sir, here's a telegram"
Jim died today
Yes, yes around the corner a departed friend, Jim.

(The interview continues at UTM 3642740 meters N, 541180 meters E, the Mulkins House site.)

Foster: Now, when you came out here and dug up this foundation of Mulkins house, did you remove all the stones, or are some of them still there?

Martin: Well, I don't know. I tried to show somebody later, but they..., they had some fellas here, but they retired and they couldn't work, and they wouldn't even try where I tried to get them to, so I don't know. I don't think I got them all because I wasn't doin it because I liked it; I was doing it to please old A.T. But he planted those trees; those firs and cedars.

Foster: He planted those firs and cedars?

Martin: Yeah, apples, er...firs, they were already there.

Foster: Oh, I didn't even notice that. Sure, look at those firs all clustered together like that.

Martin: A.T. planted them.

Foster: A.T.?

Martin: Albert Thomas Moore.

Foster: A.T. Moore, Albert Thomas Moore, and he was the brother?

Martin: He was the guy that they called Bert Moore.

Foster: Bert Moore. And he's the brother of Harvey? (A.T. Moore is also known as Bert Moore, and was Harvey Moore's brother.)

Martin: Yeah, he was the oldest, ... No, he was next to the oldest brother. There was one brother older than him. There was a heck of a flock of them and they were Seventh Day Adventists, but I don't think Bert knew the difference, he didn't care if he did. So, I don't know what they did.

Foster: Where was his garden?

Martin: The old road runs right down there and come-a right past them pines and went right down there, and the barn, er...the corral was right this side of that pile of rocks and the barn was right where them alders are.

Foster: When was this, Granny? When was that barn standing?

Martin: Well, the Park just put cables around it and hooked two or three trucks to it, and just pulled it out.

Foster: Right when the Park acquired this property? Say '33.

Martin: When Bert gave up the lease. They didn't bother it as long as Bert had it.

Foster: I see.

Martin: And had Bert still been healthy and could have stayed with it, and not been such a son-of-a-gun, you see he could have turned that over to George Moore and his foreman, and they might have held that lease and went on. But you see, like I told you, para dinero balar perro, they tried to get a lease on this thing afterwards, and they had all kinds of lyin' witnesses that told them how much the grant would run, and one thing or other, and how many cattle, and they wouldn't have known whether it was the cow or a bull ox or what. Anyway, they knew enough to get their point across, and so they put the park up for bid for so much money. Well, old Ralph Jasper, who was a Montezuma rancher over there, he was out of feed; wanted a place so he could put his cattle in and stuff in here, mostly on the East Mesa, and he did just like everybody, he was a livestock man, not in it to lose money, so he put whatever he wanted in there and it was probably

five times what the Park intended it to have. Then, he give up the lease and Hand Starr took it and he did worse than Bert then.

Foster: Is this a pear tree?

Martin: Apple, I think.

Foster: Apple. So A.T. planted all these; this apple, these three firs?

Martin: No, he didn't plant the apples; they were already here.

Foster: (Planted by) Mulkins?

Martin: No, I think old Bill Lockhart probably planted them, because they were in that part of the, you see, the house stood right here somewhere.

Foster: The Mulkins House?

Martin: No, yeah. Not Mulkins, but Lassator. I mean old Bill Lockhart's house sat right there. Bert used to sit here and shoot birds out of that tree with his six-shooter; he thought that was alot of fun.

Foster: So Bill Lockhart's house was standing here in 1930?

Martin: Oh yeah. I don't know what..., it stood right here, right where these trees are. Bert planted them dog-gone trees; darn, it's hard recognizing the way it is. He planted them trees right along in the front yard, I think I'm crazy. You see here, here's some pines, er, oh no that's somethin' else.

Foster: These are all in a line.

Martin: And he planted these, the house was right here.

Foster: Whose house?

Martin: Old Bill Lockhart's house was right here.

Foster: Oh, okay. Yeah.

Martin: The Mulkins House was right here. It had a little old cellar and some of the plumbing see.

Foster: And those are some of the stones from the foundation, maybe?

Martin: Huh? Yeah.

Foster: Right here.

Foster: Can you remember the house? Were there any walls standing, or just the foundation?

Martin: Oh, yeah.

Foster: The Mulkins house?

Martin: No, not Mulkins, but Lockhart's. You see Lockhart built the house here about 72, 73, or somewhere, and that's why I hate to see them tear those barns down. They were all built; they was no nails in them. They were all built and mortised and locked with pegs. They didn't pay no attention to; just jerk it down; destroy history and then want to remember it afterwards. But, Mulkins home was right out that side of where we are here. Right around here; they had a yard and that's bound to be part of it. They had a backyard fence right across through here somewhere. And they threw everything they took out of the yard, and that's why this funny knoll is here. But, old Mulkins and Lassator's house; we can get snakebit in here, couldn't we?

Foster: Uh. huh. Well, there's some old timbers right there.

Martin: But I imagine that's part of the foundation of the old house and the fireplace and stuff there, but the fireplace was all brick from up there. But Mulkins house runs from kinda here in this corner out this a-ways, and then out that way.

Foster: Just right out on this top.

Martin: The tank tower stood about 20 feet probably out there, and then Mulkins old foundation went right out there and over to the tank tower and back this way. Then Mulkins had a log house right down there past where he lived, and it was a log house that they used for some kind of a storehouse, or something. It was still standing there too. But, this was a good old house here; pretty good.

Foster: Which one are you talking about? Mulkins or...

Martin: No, Lockhart's.

Foster: Lockhart's, yeah.

Martin: I never saw Mulkins house, but I asked old Bob McCain what kind of house did Lassator and Mulkin have, and he said well, he had it part built up with rock; part of it he said was part built up with rocks, and then the rest of it was logs. They was a little part of it that was part 'dobe (adobe) and then log.

Foster: It that right?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: All in the same wall? Rock, adobe, and wood.

Martin: In the next room or something. See, he added on to it.

Foster: Yeah. Now, when you dug it up and you were digging the foundation, what were they; cut stones or just round, angular stones?

Martin: Just them kind of rocks there.

Foster: Just those rocks like that, not mortared.

Martin: No, no. Only with clay, you could tell they were clayed together, but they were well; somebody had understood masonry pretty good.

Foster: They were well stacked together.

Martin: Oh, they was son-of-a-guns....

Foster: So, it was real square and they were about two feet wide?

Martin: All I done was dig up a strip I would say about 14 feet long that way, and about 20 this way at the wall. And that's all I did.

Foster: So, you couldn't even estimate how long that house was? You didn't get a whole idea of the length?

Martin: No, but I know it wasn't big but it had to be 20 feet that way, and across, along that way, because I dug that wall out to there, and I got an idea that the darn thing was just like pret near all the houses, about 20 by 20, that room was. But it sure had a good foundation and then as old Bob McCain told me, I never saw, but he told me there was kind of a wainscoating (he means a high-walled foundation) of rock and mud and stuff about so far and then finished with log and a roof on it. This old woodshed and storehouse and stuff that stood right there, somewhere right where that tree was.

Foster: And that was Mulkins old shed.

Martin: Yeah, that was Mulkins doing, that log house there. But it was still standing there when I lived in that little old house under that tree, see, where that limb fell there, this is the kind of rock it looked like that we were digging up (white grano-diorite).

Foster: Some of them were this big?

Martin: Oh, yeah, they were a son-of-a-gun. Old Bert kept giving me a bad time about not to break his shovel, and not to break his stick handle, and I told him.... I sure thanked him I never had a boss that wanted me to be careful with myself.

Woodward: So when you were here there weren't any of the rocks standing above the ground; it was all below.

Martin: Oh, yeah, you couldn't tell it was there, but Bert wanted to plant a big tulip garden, so he started digging and he'd dig about that deep and then he'd hit those rocks.

Woodward: So you had to get them out so he could plant the flowers there.

Martin: We dug them out and hauled fertilizer from the barn and good ground too from around some place to put in there. They spent quite a lot of money on those fancy-priced plants, you know.

McAleer: Maybe I missed this, but did Bert live in Lockhart's house?

Martin: Yeah, that's right.

McAleer: He did. Okay.

Woodward: And you lived down here.

Martin: Yeah, we lived..., you see...after old George McCain bought this thing, then when his son got married, why they built that old house down there; they built a house down there for him to live in and that's where I lived when my daughter was born; we was living there.

Woodward: What did you do with the rock when you dug them up?

Martin: Just (tossed them) over the fence in that pile. That was over the yard fence, so I'm sure that's where they landed. We sure didn't worry about getting them very far, we wanted to get rid of them, was all. And afterwards, somebody wanted to do some more about it and, by golly, I couldn't show them a darn bit of the rest of that foundation. I thought we could go to somewhere where we were digging and see something, but the sellers wasn't interested, they didn't do too much diggin' you know.

Woodward: What year was that?

Martin: Huh?

Woodward: What year do you think that was?

Martin: Oh, I can't tell you, I don't remember what year it was. But it's been 20 years ago or better.

Woodward: When you dug the rocks up?

Martin: No, no, more than that. Yeah, it had to be more than that. I could ask old George this morning what year he came up here to stay first. If you're good in arithmetic I could help you a little bit. But George used to come up here when he was about 15 years old and stay with me, because he liked horses. And I liked him too because he wanted to shoe horses and stuff, and everytime I had to shoe a horse, well, I said, "Now George, you want to learn how to shoe, you just get at it, and I'll help you." And boy, he'd just shoe that old horse, and I didn't have to lift the old son-of-a-gun. Now, George told me that he is 67, so that's how long ago we were livin here and working. Well, my daughter

is...what is she...uh, 47, I believe, so it must be somewhere in that amount of years, because my daughter was born while we were living here.

Woodward: So about 50 years ago, you think it was (when the Mulkins foundation stones were excavated).

Martin: Must have been, yeah I think it was. Time gets away from you, and the longer you try to remember, the faster it gets away, too.

Woodward: Where did the stones come from for the Dyar house?

Martin: The Dyar? Oh, they had fellas around here with teams hauling from anywhere, anything they thought they could work in there. My father-in-law camped down at Dave's old house down there and he was camped there and had a little mule team and he hauled lots of them too.

McAleer: Got some bedrock mortars there? (McAleer is asking Foster who has found bedrock mortars 30 meters from Mulkins House site.)

Martin: There was a well down there, and lots of stuff dumped in that well cause they thought the well wasn't any good. And of course after Dyar got that spring down here, why ol' Bert put a pipeline in it here and they brought it across the (Sweetwater) river, and they didn't cover it enough and it would freeze solid and bust and oh, they had a heck of a time.

Woodward: Granny was just saying that the houses along here (Bert's) dumped alot of their stuff just over the bank here, in the Sweetwater (River).

Martin: If you go right down to where the creek is and anywhere along there for 50-60 feet, they used to just dump their junk over the bank (at the confluence of Cold Stream and the Sweetwater River).

Foster: Bottles? Cans?

Martin: Everything. And if it didn't wash away, why they ought to be (there).

Foster: We ought to be able to find some bottles around here, then?

Martin: I think. And then I'll show you two more places here, the well and another place that you could find it.

Foster: Mulkins well? Whose well?

Martin: No, I think it must have been old Lockhart's, because I don't think Mulkins worried too much about a well.

Woodward: Do you know how long Mulkins lived here?

Martin: No, but it had to have been about somewhere around 12-15 years. See he was here before Olvera got the grant, and he thought he had a right to it. Then when they found out that the grant took it all in, well, then he couldn't hold his claim. But they didn't bother him; they let him alone for several years, I think. Lassator moved off; and then Mulkins, his boy, stayed on there and took care of it.

Woodward: When did Lockhart move here? In the '70s?

Martin: I have an idea, around '72.

Woodward: So Mulkins was gone by then.

Martin: Oh yeah. Well, I don't know. I think he probably moved right in after some of their people, Mulkins' people were right there around him somewhere. Because it wasn't vacant too long, and old Monroe Johnson told me that when he first come to work up here, you see, the Vail people had this leased a lot of times, and they used to all work for Vail. And of course the Santa Margarita people used to keep lots of cattle here and my dad and them was taking care of cattle, when (my) mother was running this hotel up there, so that was in '94 and '95, '96, and '97, I think we was here.

Woodward: So you were born in the hotel?

Martin: No, I was born in San Diego. My mother went to the town a week before I was born, San Diego, and then they brought me right back up here, and old Will McCain said that they came from San Diego between storms and got up here, and we just got here in time to get in a heck of a big snow storm. It snowed until you couldn't see the top of those posts all around the lake up there; you could just see it once in a while atop of the posts.

Woodward: Is Will, George's father?

Martin: No, Will McCain

Woodward: Is it a brother?

Martin: No he's the McCain from...

Woodward: Two different families?

Martin: Yeah, different outfit, yeah. But he was a stage driver here and of course he was born over on that Tierra Blanca country over there east of Campo there.

Foster: What other two places were you gonna say about trash?

Martin: Oh, I was gonna tell you where the well was. It had a windmill on it, and then it was down there by the barn. I'll show you about where that was; where they got to dumping later on over the bank down there.

Foster: Granny, whose fence stuff is that? Whose spool of fencing and posts is that? Is that later or?

Martin: No it was around Bert's yard.

Foster: Is that Bert's material?

Martin: Yeah, I imagine it might have been, I don't know. But it was around the yard here.

Foster: Yeah, that's old barbed wire. Very old barbed wire.

Martin: But you see how good them old cedar posts were?

Foster: Yeah. Wire nails.

Martin: Oh yeah. They got over the nails. Right there, this side of that alder. That's where Big Head set the Russian down. (We all laugh, Granny is referring to an earlier conversation about a Russian who was considering buying the grant.)

Martin: The blacksmith shop was right here somewhere. I bet you could find the depression where that well was.

Woodward: This was the road in right here?

Martin: Yeah, it used to be.

Foster: You can't really see the old road through Green Valley, can you? It didn't leave much of a scar.

Martin: This thing is sure changed alot here on us. That road runs right; you can see it here. Where it comes right to here, and now the barn; these rocks was just outside of the barn and the well was somewhere right here, I don't know. I thought we'd see kind of a hole here though (no evidence of a well). Those elders were right on the edge of the corral.

Foster: Yeah, that's elderberry.

Martin: See where them telephone poles come up to where that thing crosses the creek down there?

Foster: Yeah.

Martin: Well, there's a little bit of a--where this good ground just let go and went out; there's a little bit of a kind of a curve in the wash bank there, and that's where they hauled all the extra stuff and dumped it there and I think they probably just covered it over there.

Foster: Right there where the telephone line crosses the river?

Martin: Yeah, right there.

Foster: To the right of it?

Martin: Yeah, you can see the kind of a curve in the bank there. It was a cut there where the water run down there and fell off and cut it and then they got to dumping there.

Foster: So there were two places. There was that place, which is about 1/2 mile above the bridge on the Sweetwater, and this one right here at Cold stream, where they were dumping their trash.

Martin: Right here.

Foster: In the well? Dumping it in the well also.

Martin: Oh yeah, when they decided they didn't like that well, they just dumped everything in there. Bert just hauled all kinds of everything. The old house had so much stuff in it that people didn't think they wanted, so they dumped alot of it in there.

Foster: Was it stone lined?

Martin: The well? Yeah, it curved up with rock, yeah. Quite a bit of it. I don't know if it was curved up all the way or not, it could have been. I guess I wasn't worried enough to really know, but it was curved with rock.

Foster: So the well, then, was just north of these three elderberries.

Martin: I think it's right near that little old hole right here where we're standing. One barn stood right there, and the other one just a little bit more south and right there. And the road come right up and over to the peach tree, and through here and up to that little saddle, and over to Juaquapin and on up, on up and over to the peach tree.

Foster: What peach tree?

Martin: Well, I don't know. They married it off, and then call it something else now. I don't know for sure what they do call it, but there's a spring clear over there, and a canyon that leaves from the top of the mountain there. Do you know what it is?

Foster: Dyar Spring?

Martin: No, no. Mas alla. Lot further.

Foster: I don't know. Out towards Deer Park?

Martin: Yeah, they call it, I think Vince said they call it granite, do they call it granite?

Foster: Granite Spring!

Martin: That's a peach tree spring. The injuns had some peach trees there; five or six of them old mission cling peaches about that big around. I used to pick my jumper full of 'em, tie them on, and bring them home. Mom always liked them and made stuff out of them. (The site is SDi-850.)

Foster: And you saw the peach trees there?

Martin: Oh yeah.

Foster: Up until how long ago?

Martin: Well, I imagine it's been 10 or 12 years ago that I...yeah, I quit..., yeah, it's been a little over that, because I quit going there. My cattle used to get in; you see, I joined that thing with my permit, and they (cattle) used to get in once in a while. Somebody would cut the fence or something, and I used to go through there; I had a jeep and I'd go through there occasionally. I'd find them, then I'd go horseback, take them out, or whatever. But I always went to see, and I watched that old thing; those old trees as they died back. A peach tree don't live long in general.

Foster: No.

Martin: But those old Mexicans; they were red looking inside, kind of pretty peach on the outside, and not very big, but they were cling too. But they were sure good. Some years they would have quite a few, and sometimes not very many. But they lived a long, long time. I used to pick them when I was living right here and working for Bert and then after I left, I would always go and watch for them. Then, over right around that point there, in the West Mesa, there's another place down the canyon; you can cross the wash and go up to where the airplane fell. There's another rancheria right in there and they had a few peach trees; about four or five peach trees there. I never saw them alive but I saw the old stumps. (I think Granny is talking about an unrecorded site along the south fork of Japacha Creek, north of peak 4865' on Airplane Ridge.)

Foster: So, this one at Granite Springs was planted by the Indians at that rancheria?

Martin: Oh yeah, they all were, but they come from the mission. They brought them from the mission; they liked that and the mission people. There was some of these Indians that got gentle, you know.

Foster: And they were still growing, up until 12 years ago?

Martin: Yeah, sure.

Foster: How do you explain that, I wonder. A peach tree only lives about 30-40 years, and it really can't regenerate itself from seed.

Martin: No, most of our peaches can't do that. Most of them don't.

Foster: But maybe these early ones could.

Martin: They don't live very much over 12-14 years, do they?

Foster: Well, the ones; the varieties now can grow 30-40, but they can't reproduce themselves either. Now maybe these ones could.

Martin: No, I don't think so. They're all--you see, they grow up and die and the sucker would (sprout)...

Foster: Oh the sucker comes up.

Martin: Oh, yeah, there was always some suckers coming, and then they'd go and live awhile and then they'd die, but they was alot of them stiff old stems of them standing there.

Foster: That wasn't the Arrowmaker's ridge site (SDi-913) was it, that had the peach trees? Right there on this bluff?

Martin: Yeah, that's the place. But it was, no, it's down in the draw below, you know. (Possibly SDi-922, or SDi-917, or an unrecorded site on Japacha Creek.)

Foster: Yeah, that's another one. That's not the same one.

Martin: That's where I was telling you coyotes like to sit up there and sing up there at them airplanes. You watch and see. I'll betch you if a plane would cross there at the right time, you would hear them old coyotes a-singing up there.

Foster: Well, what else were we gonna get to?

McAleer: I don't know. You think we ought to call it a day?

Foster: Yeah. It's twenty to five. I think that's a good idea. Maybe we can, on our way out, we can drive by that church down there near Descanso, and we can just look across the meadow and you can kind of point out where that adobe was. We don't have to walk out there.

Martin: Well, it's closer to the store. You see, right there where you're talking about from the church right over the hill.

Foster: I didn't mean the church, I meant the school.

Martin: You meant the school? Yeah, that's right. But where the church was right over the hill where Oliver built that dam in there, the concrete dam in the creek there, why that's where the first--that's where some of the stone outfit, stones or some of them, they had a grist mill in there, and my cousin plowed out the nether stone and he had it but nobody knows what became of the millstone.

Foster: The nether stone is the base one? It didn't have any grooves on it?

Martin: Yeah, it had grooves, but it had the round hole and the millstone has a square hole.

Foster: That's the drive stone (with the square hole).

Martin: Si, Senor.

Foster: Where'd you learn your Spanish?

Martin: Huh, oh, I never did learn it but I've been around it.

(A few minutes later, the interview continues at the Dyar plaque; UTM 363040 meters N, 540920 meters E.)

Foster: Well, you know Granny, when you were talking about how they were using the wheat for their pinole? Is it--do they call it atole when its acorn?

Martin: Huh?

Foster: Atole, have you ever heard that word? You've just heard the pinole?

Martin: No, but you see the acorns they call (cah-wee). You see, they don't--that's what any acorn or the tree or any of the rest of it to them; they's only one word. They don't separate the tree from the fruit or anything.

Foster: Do you agree when people state that the Black Oak is the favorite (acorn used by the Indians)?

Martin: Among them? No, I don't. (He really does agree, but he thought I had asked him about live oaks.)

Foster: Which one; which acorn do you think?

Martin: They really don't exactly like the Black Oak because there's quite a bit of tanic acid and they are pretty hard to...

Foster: Leach out?

Martin: Pretty hard to leach, but they like these big old Black Oaks up here and the Rock Oak also.

Foster: You mean these big live oaks?

Martin: No, I mean the Black Oaks. They like them with them big acorns.

Foster: Yeah, that's what I was wondering. They like the Black Oak the best.

Martin: Well, they like them; I say they like them, because I've seen them in the old baskets that they used to make to hold them in you know. I know that over there when I was vaquero in' at Laguna, I used to get out in that outside country there and two or three different times go in and around them Black Oaks and stuff, I'd run over a pile of leaves and stuff there, and the dog-gone thing would be two feet deep with those acorns. They would just pile up those acorns there and cover them over until they had time to come and get them. Boy, you'd scatter them when you hit them on horseback. I'll bet them Injuns hated who ever done that, but you couldn't do nothing about it.

Foster: Well, when you say they use corn and stuff, they were growing corn after the Spanish period?

Martin: Oh, they grew corn before.

Foster: How long do you think? When did they first start growing corn up here?

Martin: Oh, boy, I don't know, but...

Foster: It was definitely before the mission?

Martin: Oh, yeah. Yeah, they had corn before the mission, I'm sure. Long before the mission, but it was different. You see, it was a funny little old corn and I don't think the cob ever got over that long.

Foster: Over 3 inches?

Martin: And it's just a small cob like that, and didn't have too much corn.

Foster: About 3/4 inch diameter or so?

Martin: Yeah, that would be a big ear. Well, I've seen them over there in those cliff buildings in Arizona and you'd find them. The same type of corn.

Foster: Well, they were practicing agriculture there early, but we haven't been able to prove when agriculture was practiced here up until after the mission period. People have suspected that it was before, but we haven't really been able to prove it. What makes you think that it was before the mission?

Martin: Well, I'm not too sure about that either. It could have been after the mission, but I'm not too sure.

Foster: You think it was before. I think so too, but it's just awful hard to prove it.

Martin: Yeah, it is. Yeah, that's right.

Foster: Have you ever noticed that elderberry bushes seem to be growing on the Indian sites on the rancherias?

Martin: Yeah, oh yeah.

Foster: Is that because they were planted or because their seeds were dropped?

Martin: No, they just brought them in and lost the seeds of them.

Foster: Well, what about the Manzanita berry? Do you think they were processing that alot?

Martin: Well, quite a bit. The Yerba Losa, any of those berry bushes; you always find some sign of them around the rancherias, you know. I could show you an old rancheri; it had to be an old rancheri up on the East Mesa there that I doubt if any of your park people know anything about, but the old mortars and stuff around in under those trees are old and so covered with lichen that you can't even imagine how old they must be. Yeah, when that lichen grows right down in that old mortar hole that deep,

Foster: That's old. You bet.

Martin: It has to be, you bet.

Foster: That's not Dyar Springs, though?

Martin: Oh, ho...but from peach tree (Granite Spring)...from peach tree...

Foster: North?

Martin: Yeah, pret near north, I imagine pret near due north from peach tree, but unless you know where it is, you'd never find it.

Foster: Because I have surveyed out there, and I must have missed it then.

(My coverage north of Granite Spring was all south of East Mesa Fire Road, and south and east of the Granite Springs primitive camp trail, so if this site is a mile north of Granite Spring, it is north of my coverage. I have seen most of the recorded sites out there, however, and this sounds like a new site.)

Martin: Huh?

Foster: I surveyed there and I've found some sites, but I don't think I've found the one you're talking about.

Martin: Well, there's one great big old rock out there; that's a pretty good sized old rock, and its got a mortis (mortar) hole in it and somebody has dug up a--pried a piece off of it that's had a mortar in it, too, I'll betch you, and hauled it away with them. But right there, you can't see much of anything else, but it would sure be interesting, but that's why I say environmentalists and everything trying to do something about--I think all this

whole country here is just like a deck of cards. I think you could go to any one of them, and find an ace, deuce, kings and queens, and jacks, and all the rest of it. I think it's the same thing in any one of these rancherias. They haven't found enough difference to bet anything, have they?

Foster: Difference between them, you mean?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Well, they have found some (differences) and this site that we're on right here (SDi-818); there aren't any mortars here; and we think this one is older than the Kumeyaay sites because there's no pottery. But there's very few of these types of sites and the older ones we know very little about. That's right. But that site with the very old mortars; you think, how many you think they're are there? Over a dozen?

Martin: Where?

Foster: On the East Mesa.

Martin: No, I don't think so.

Foster: Not that many.

Martin: In fact, I don't know. The way I found it, there was a sick steer or somethin' and I caught him and doctored him there, and while I was horsing around there, I saw that thing; found it, and it always interested me and I went back two or three times. And then somebody pried a piece of it off; they was two mortars there at first, and then somebody pried a piece of it off and hauled it off, and that's all I know about it. But if you want to take a ride up there someday I can show you.

Foster: Okay, maybe some day we can.

Martin: Bueno.

Foster: How far from Peach Springs, from Granite Springs, do you think it was? More than a mile north?

Martin: Just about.

Foster: Just about a mile north?

Martin: I doubt if it was mile, but it was almost that; about 3/4 or something; mas o menos, as the Mexicans say. But I don't know for sure. (Possibly near sites Sdi-847 and 845.)

Foster: Was there water there; was there a spring?

Martin: Well, there was an arroyo down there where they could have gotten water not to awful far, and they always liked to live away from the water and make the squaws pack it up to them anyway. Sure

made a change in this world, you know? They used to call them bucks and squaws, and now they call them Indian ladies, and all that kind of stuff. The road used to go right here and down this side, and come up along this bank and then on out there.

Foster: It crossed right about here? (UTM 3641100 meters N, 539600 meters E)

Martin: There used to be a post right out there that they come around the barley field. You see, they wouldn't travel on their good ground; they stayed out of these fields.

Foster: So the old road crossed (here)?

Martin: This old guy that had this house here was Ben Carey.

Foster: Ben Carey.

Martin: And he's the guy that owned the property that (Phin) Spencer owns. (Mr. Spencer owns much of the Sumatuguma and Pine Creek drainages.)

Foster: Samagatuma? Or how do you pronounce that? Samatayum?

Martin: Jamatagun (Ha-ma-ta-goon).

Foster: How do you pronounce Guatay?

Martin: Guatay (wah-tie).

Foster: Is that right?

Martin: Yeah. Guatay is big.

Foster: Meaning big mountain? Big valley?

Martin: Big anything. Did you ever look at the moteros down there, oh there's some good...

Foster: Right down there?

Martin: Yeah, sure, right there where them pines fell. Old Martias Saldozar used to camp there and I used to visit him. He found quite a few pretty good arrowheads; he was the darndest Mexican I ever knew. He was born just below where I live now (UTM 3632100 meters N, 535400 meters E), but he was living with those Chapagerspinos when he was born down there. But when he come to look for anything like that on the ground, it looked like he shifted his eyes into low gear or something, and then when he looked up you could see his eyes change again. He was sure funny; he was a good old son-of-a-gun.

Foster: When you say moteros, do you mean--is that the same as mortars?

Martin: No, vacqueros.

Foster: Oh, vacqueros you are saying. Cowboys! (No, he was pointing to bedrock under live oaks and said, "Did you ever look at the moteros down there." He meant mortars.)

Martin: They call them cowboys, but they were vacqueros. And they was no heads here that the Army Corps of Engineers; They went down there after working, I don't know, about three weeks or so, cutting about six feet deep, cut that rock ledge in two and cut it six feet deep or so it would wash this off. So then when 1926 came and washed the country out, why of course, that took that country out more and that's how we're able to see the old burnt stumps and stuff up there that I was telling you about. You see...they washed the country deeper you see. I can't understand that.

Foster: Well, you know the meadow that is at the Green Valley Falls Area Campground on the right; the nice meadow on this side of the river?

Martin: Yeah,

Foster: On the east side of the river?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: I found olla fragments buried 28 inches deep there. How do you think that stuff got buried like that? Do you know anything about CCC's increasing the (sediment deposition)...

Martin: I think I know, but I don't...

Foster: Gully-plug, have you ever heard of that?

Martin: No, there would be a string of four years and there's trash? I've seen it. I've seen Pine Creek over there. When I first went into Pine Creek country, it was in 1910, and it was fairly well open country; they wasn't much growth in it and the bee clover and stuff was so tall that I know I fought... (The tape ended. Granny's conversation continues after replacing cassette.) He camped there under those trees and did a lot of work for old Dyar with his little old team, and that was in September. My wife and I decided that--no, that was in '26 because we had bought our first automobile then, quit them pack mules and stuff, so he was camped there and we went by and we stopped to have lunch with him at noon and they had a total eclipse, and he had a few chickens there that produced some eggs for breakfast for one thing or another in his camp. He's quite an old camper, that old boy. And so, while we was there we stopped and had lunch, and then the eclipse came on and the chickens all flew up there and went to roost. Then about an hour later when it become daylight again, why, they all crowed; they didn't know it wasn't morning. They didn't know that it was one o'clock.

F: It was real dark during that total eclipse?

Martin: Yeah, dark, oh yeah.

Foster: That was in 1926?

Martin: In September, I think, of 1926. Gee whiz, we got a kick out of it.

Foster: Did you know it was coming?

Martin: No, I didn't know about it.

Foster: Was it a surprise to you?

Martin: My father-in-law did. He'd read about it.

Foster: But had you seen that stone reservoir there at Green Valley Falls? (This reservoir was recently recorded under temporary field number HF-1, and is located at UTM 3640120 meters N, 539180 meters E.)

Martin: Yeah, but I don't know--

Foster: You don't know anything about it?

Martin: No, I don't know anything about it.

Foster: We saw a photograph in the park headquarters that looked like the same one and it was labeled CCC from 1930s. (It was a storage reservoir built by CCCs in 1935.)

Martin: Oh, it could have been.

Foster: Could be.

Martin: Oh, it could have been. You see the old Jamatagun road runs right on across to meet with Dyar right through this way. You see the old Judge Farber; he had a log yard here and my father-in-law hauled any trees that they cut; they cut lots of trees for wood and they had a pretty good sized sawmill there, and they cut oak wood and then they hauled it to San Diego on them old hard-tired trucks.

Foster: You know that site you were telling me about up above; a mile above Peach Spring? With the old mortars?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Do you ever remember seeing any pottery there?

Martin: No, heck no because it's awfully grassed over.

Foster: Yeah. So you didn't see anything but the mortars?

Martin: But the ground shows ya know, like Indian sites. I mean the gopher holes; and sometimes when you go in there you break through on that ground like--Why I come around this turn one time and there was a whole bunch of Hawaiians climbing up out of that hole and one of them was trying to tell me and right there in his forehead; a 1/2 inch bolt had went into his head and he'd stick his finger down it to show me how deep; how bad hurt he was. He was rattling away in Italian trying to tell me, and I couldn't do him any good. But it didn't kill the darn fool; it must be a long ways to their brains.

Foster: Is this a sand quarry here? Do you know what this blasted out area here is (UTM 3637720 meters N, 538980 meters E)?

Martin: Well, the county got a lot of granite here.

Foster: They were pulling granite boulders?

Martin: Yeah, an old..., somebody thought that it was his land and he was gonna make somethin' out of it. As soon as he started, well then the county proved that it was theirs and they moved him out of the way and stopped his success anyway.

Foster: You helped build that reservoir? (UTM 3637300 meters N, 538540 meters E)

Martin: Yeah. After they got it all built, done and everything; the only thing that was on the guy's land that built it was the spillway. He had a heck of a time buying the rest of it.

Martin: Look at them rocks and that clear ground. Pretty good rancheri(a).

Foster: Right on the other side of the creek? In that clearing right there?

Martin: Yeah, where that oak ground, flat rocks and stuff; ya see? (UTM 3637000 meters N, 538360 meters E.)

Foster: Yeah. I don't think that's State Park land.

Martin: No, no, I know it isn't.

Foster: Too bad.

Martin: This used to belong to an old boy by the name of Sessions.

Foster: Would that rancheria have a name? Or not that you know of?

Martin: No, I don't know, it's just another rancheria. I found alot of pretty good arrowheads over there.

Foster: Oh did ya?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: What was the rancheria called Jamatagun?

Martin: That's over right in there, down in the lower end of the valley over there. That's Jamatagun.

Foster: Down in the Guatay Valley?

Martin: No, over there in the Jamatagun (Samagatuma) Valley. You see, they'll all try to tell you a thousand things about that thing (about that site) but Charlie Ellis; he could talk quite a bit of Indian, he knew Indian; was part of their language and everything, and he told me that Jamatagun, the Indians, was a big reserv..., big rancheri(a) there, lot, quite a lot of of Indian people there, and pretty decent kind of people, and pretty good culture, they took care of themselves and everything pretty darn good. But he said that there was a spring out there right in the middle of the valley and that's what the name of that valley is. It's named for that spring, because that spring has different kinds of mud around that spring. Where they took their basketweed; and when they wanted to color it for baskets and stuff, they would bury it in different places and leave it for different lengths of time; it's what color does to those baskets is what the name of that water is. That's why they named it that. This was a good rancheria right in here.

Foster: Right in with the Imperial Arabians. (The property with a "good rancheria" has a sign on Highway 79 identifying Imperial Arabians.)

Martin: Huh?

Foster: That sign.

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: Do you know what the name of the rancheria was down in the Guatay Valley here? There were Indians all over in this valley, right?

Martin: Oh, yeah.

Foster: But you don't know of any name that goes with it?

Martin: The best rancheria was right there on that bank over there, and old Ames said that that was the only rancheria in all the country that he knew of where they buried there--where they had a cemetery instead of just burning the dead. (Granny pointed to the area of site CA-SDi-5623.)

Foster: They didn't cremate there?

Martin: No, not all of them.

Foster: Extended burials?

Martin: They buried a lot of them.

Foster: Hmmm.

Martin: But a friend of mine dug where--You see where that cut is?
(site SDi-8301)

Foster: Yeah.

Martin: Oh, he dug up a pretty mortar out of that bank there when he was digging there with a friend that I was raised with, and that mill was over on that little knoll; that's where my cousin dug up that nether stone. (The location Granny is pointing to is near UTM 3635000 meters N, 536500 meters E.)

Foster: Cindy, what was the name of that guy who was living here that references made that the adobe is a mile and one/half from? Do you remember his name?

Woodward: Sandoval?

Foster: Sandoval. Do you know where Sandoval's house is?

Martin: Oh, yeah, Juliano Sandoval. I know where it is.

Foster: Do we go right by it?

Martin: No, it's up toward Guatay.

Foster: Oh, it is.

Martin: It's up to what they call Guatay. Oh, yeah. Juliano Sandoval. And they was another one of the Sandovals. You see, old--if you want to see that nether stone, it's right there on that porch. My cousin made a table out of it. (Granny points out a house on Viejas Boulevard about 1/4 mile east of Descanso Elementary School.)

Foster: It's what kind of a stone?

Martin: It's a nether stone from that mill over there.

Foster: Oh, it's on that guy's porch. Okay.

Martin: Yeah, that was my cousin. I think his daughter lives there now.

Foster: And where did you say that grist mill was? Over by that adobe up here?

Martin: Huh?

Foster: That grist mill from that nether (stone)

Martin: No, no it's over there. Over there toward that dam where I showed you across that way.

(We are parked behind Descanso Elementary School looking at the New Merrigan Ranch addition to the Park.)

Foster: Uh. huh.

Martin: You see, this river at one time come way around over here. You see, over there by that pile of rock in the other end of the valley?

Foster: Yeah.

Martin: They's a rock over there--they's a pile of country over there that where that big hump of rock is?

Foster: Where that rock face is on that hill?

Martin: There's quite a rancheria.

Foster: Quite a site there. Yeah. (We had just recorded this site. It is a large Kumeyaay Village, recorded as site 22.)

Martin: And then there's a trail that goes over here and into the river and then right on to Green Valley; an old Injun trail where they went. But the Indians call this place Jumpayruqunal. (Hum-pie-rook-nahl)

Foster: Jumpayruqunal?

Martin: Uh. huh. Which means whip of the wind, or wind a-fightin ya, or something, and they sure were right because you just go out there when that east wind's a-blowin, and you'll have to believe it. But the river, at some time, came down along past where that barn is and right on out toward that, and then down through here.

Foster: Right through the middle of this meadow where that adobe was (the meadow north of the school).

Martin: That's right, and it didn't--It for some reason or ruther it filled and then some of the flood years later, I don't know when, cut this channel down through here. In 1913, when we first moved here to Descanso here; when the family first moved up here, there was no willows. That riverbed was just a nice meadow out there. (The Sweetwater River is indicated on the USGS topo map in this area as a sandy river bottom with a meandering course. Granny states that the river used to flow east of Riverside Drive and then south through the meadow and then Merrigan Ranch.)

Foster: It was.

Martin: Yeah, the Hulburt Grove people used that for a parachute for their--They had a little kind of a dairy out there.

Foster: What do you suppose made the change? The river used to go right through this meadow?

Martin: Yeah, it had to. You could go along over there and--I don't know they've destroyed alot of it--but they was a lot of rock along the edge of that riverbank over there with mortar in 'em and stuff, and metate side (size?) holes where you could tell that's where the river had went at some time. And I know it went out there and crossed the road this side of the barn. It must have at some time, and I don't know what the word Jumquay (Hoom-kie) means but that's what they called this flat down below us here; the Indians.

Foster: And this old fence along this larger fence is the grant line.

Martin: Uh, huh. Yeah, the grant line. (UTM 3635700 meters N, 536100 meters E.)

Foster: And when you go on up into the trees there--if you follow it up, the barn is to the west of it out of the grant. And right there where that house and barn is, is where that adobe was?

Martin: No, uh huh. (As mentioned earlier, we were talking about two different locations. It might be the same adobe, but our source indicates it to have been one mile north of where Granny leads us to.)

Foster: No. Where was that adobe?

Martin: It was over here toward the store.

Foster: Why don't we go see where that was. (We drive south on Viejas Boulevard.)

Martin: You see this? This road and all this stuff wasn't built until after 1916; this bridge and all this junk here.

Foster: Viejas road crossing the Sweetwater? Viejas Boulevard?

Martin: No, the road went right about where the edge of the shade of them trees are over there. That's where the road went and come out behind the church and right on to...

Foster: And on the Diseno, that's the old road to San Diego?

Martin: That's right. It crosses there and then heads on out here to the suelo over there, you know; porto suelo? But this--it used to slope off and run down there quite easy; quite nice when the road--but that old barn--that old house was right there.

Foster: The adobe?

Martin: Back, right close to the corner of his barn. That's where that old house was.

Foster: The adobe?

Martin: Yeah, the adobe house. You could see pretty well the size of it and there was quite a mound up there for a long time and the center of it was hollow.

Foster: Do you know who owns that? Whose property that is now?

Martin: Well, I did know who was up there for awhile, but he's quit now. But you could ask this old Brown down here; he'd tell ya in a hurry, he's the real estate man.

Foster: There's the brand. HZ?

Martin: Yeah.

Foster: HZ home is the ranch.

Martin: I guess he calls it that. He's only got a big enough place there to whip a cat on. I don't know why they call it a ranch, but anyway, he come down to my house and beg for an old Army saddle I had and he bought that up because he had a mule. He's like--

(A young lady approaches us while we are parked at UTM 3635200 meters N, 536140 meters E.)

Young lady: Can I help you with something?

Martin: No, we was just wondering who owned that place where the horses and barns are.

Young lady: Oh, that's the Hernandez'.

Martin: Huh?

Young lady: That's the Hernandez'.

Foster: The Hernandez'.

Young lady: I thought you guys worked for a company of ours or something; we live right down there. I just came down here to see who it was. Have a nice day.

Foster: You too.

Martin: Hernandez, huh. She calls him Hernandez; no entienda Espanol, I guess. But you see those rocks over there? That rocky piece of ground?

Foster: Yeah.

Martin: That's what that lyin son-of-a-gun said he was gonna have all covered with grass and that's been--that was about 1908 or 9, and he hasn't been a very successful farmer anyway. He didn't get it covered yet. (We are driving south taking Granny home.)

Foster: How long has Descanso been here?

Martin: Well you see, where the grant line goes through here, old man Ellis when he came here; his name was Ellis and he come from Norway and he jumped ship in San Diego and got a lot of clothes and become a prospector and he come up here because he understood something about rock, apparently. He come up here and found that claim up there; that blow out; where that mine is up there by the ranger station, and so he filed a preemption on that thing; on that piece of ground on 160 acres there. He knew that he couldn't run on over the grant so he just filed a preemption on that and decided he'd rest there and that's why he named it Descanso.

Foster: What does it mean?

Martin: It means "Place of Rest". That's for anybody, except who's trying to pay his taxes; he can't rest. The old road come right straight down here; right across this--we didn't have no bridge here until after '16 (no bridge at the second crossing of the Sweetwater River).

Foster: You really can't see it over there, can you?

Martin: And there was no willows or nothing in here then. I wish I would have went a little bit further and showed you them trees that my wife planted. When old Garbanio came here in 1910, right there on this bank, that rock right there under them trees; he had a cousin that came from Italy over here and he was dyin with TB, and he sat there and carved quite a lot of stuff there. He was a stone mason or something. He made himself a moil (?) and carved quite a lot of something there about Garbanio on that rock. When I was a kid there used to be a gate somewhere right here in these trees where the old road would come through right over this hill and that was what separated Guatay from Santa Gratzas. This is supposed to be Santa Gratzas now, instead of Guatay. You see, old Aguilar he was a little too late to get a grant. But he liked this little chunk of country up here and so he squatted on it and called it Santa Gratzas, and everybody agreed with him that was somewhere in about 1855; 4 or 5 or something like that. He took all this country; that's where our good people are, up there.

Foster: Yeah, who's up there? (Cemetery is just north of the intersection of County Highway 79 and Interstate 8.)

Martin: That's the cemetery. Some are over 100 years old. They killed old Aguilar and buried him up there. But he had all this and then after the Civil War and they declared homesteading as the system, well then quite alot of Aguilar's friends came in here and took up homesteads in this country. So they split it all up and took it away from him. He didn't have it all anymore. But in 1909 when I was a kid, I used to go by the Squierdas, across

to visit with old Felipe Brown down there, and he sent me from his ranch down there to Descanso with an old mare and a buggy and I came from there up the road and I opened and shut seven gates comin' and goin'.

Foster: Is that right?

Martin: Seven each way. I had to open and shut those gates. This road had gates on it then. But earlier than that, the main road come along, came up this canyon, then right up that road, up to where my upper part of the place is, which was the old Gillette place and then Holmes married Gillette's wife after the squaw, after Gillette died, and they had a little old kind of a store or some kind of a deal up there, and he--but the road come right up through there just the other side of these trees and right straight on up and to his place, and then across to by the Flynn Ranch and then came out over there just before we come in site of the old buildings and stuff over there.

Foster: Where'd you get all this stuff, Granny? (While driving up Granny's driveway there are old cars, engines, and lots of junk.)

Martin: I didn't get it; they brought it in here. If it would burn, I'd be tempted to set the darn stuff a-fire.

Foster: Well, we sure appreciate all your help today.

Martin: Well, I'm glad you did, and if I done you any good, I'm happy; and if I didn't, I can't help it. And, as I tell them all, if you're ever within a mile of here, well, be sure and stop. (Granny's favorite joke.)

Foster: Okay.

Martin: Hasta la vista

Foster: Hasta la vista, Granny.

Martin: Yep.

(Interview ends at 6:00 p.m. at Granny's house.)

